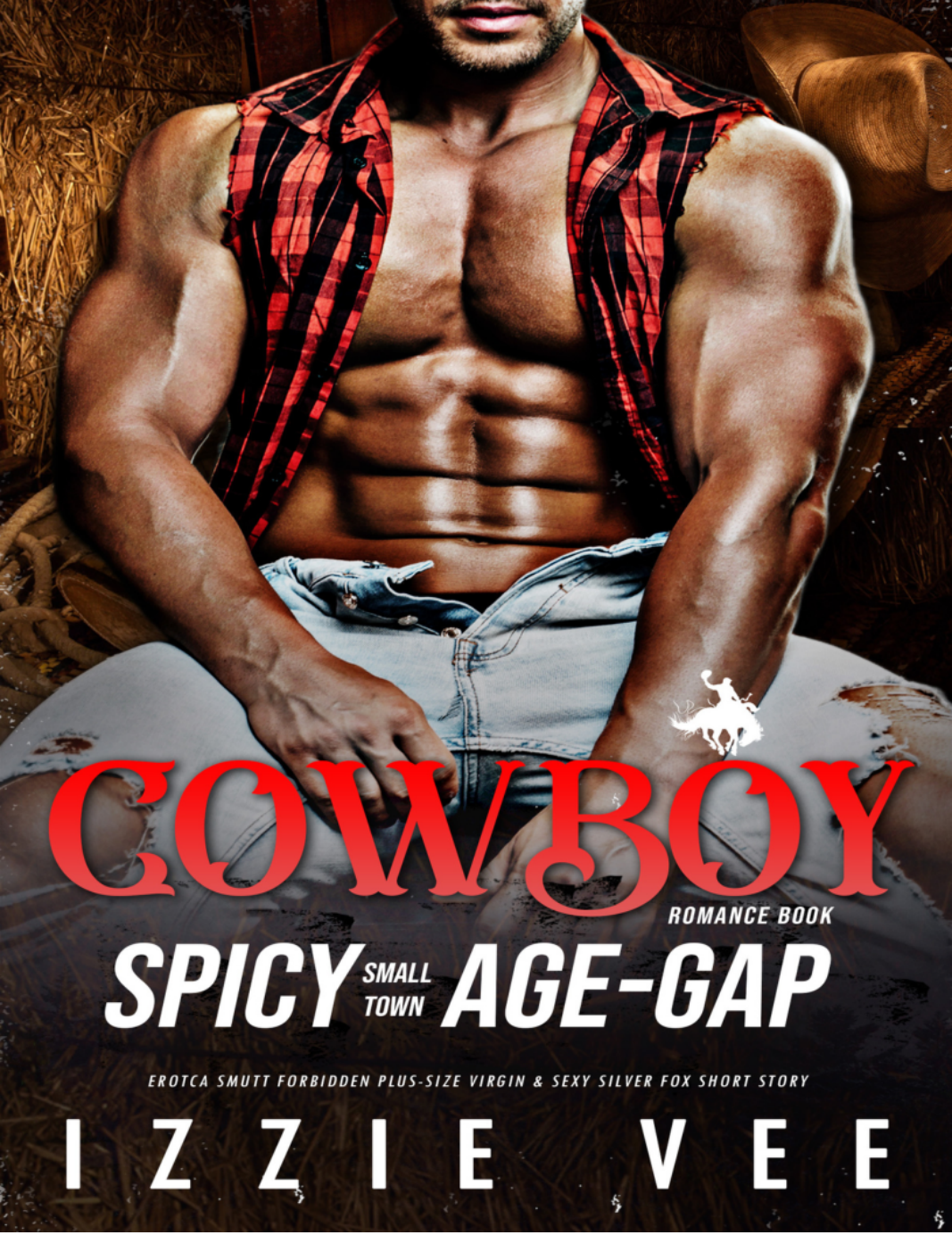

COWBOY
ROMANCE BOOK
SPICY SMALL TOWN AGE-GAP
EROTCA SMUTT FORBIDDEN PLUS-SIZE VIRGIN & SEXY SILVER FOX SHORT STORY
IZZIE VEE

Cowboy Romance Book Spicy Small-Town Age-Gap Erotca Smutt

Forbidden Plus-Size Virgin & Sexy Silver Fox Short Story

Forced Erotic Romance, Dark Reverse Harem, Naughty Virgin

IZZIE VEE

Copyright © 2024

by Izzie Vee

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of Izzie Vee

Cover Design by Izzie Vee

Cover Photo by Fxquadro on Depositphotos.com

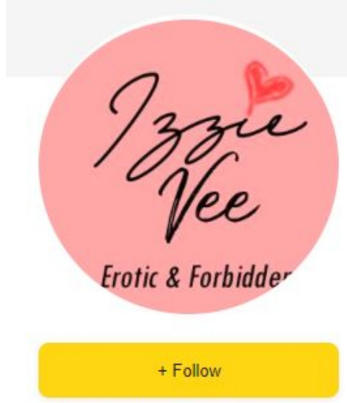
Published

by Izzie Vee

Important Readers' Note

Happy greetings!

Go follow me on Amazon with only 2 quick clicks. CLICK **THE FOLLOW BUTTON** below to be notified about my hot new releases weekly. Then it'll take you to my Amazon's author page, where *you'll need to click the follow button on amazon's site as well*. It's that simple! Two quick seconds and you're all done!



Thanks for joining and be ready to be notified about the hottest releases sent straight to your inbox. Cheers!

Table of Content

Cowboy Romance Book Spicy Small-Town Age-Gap
Chapter 1
Chapter 2
Chapter 3
Chapter 4
Chapter 5
Chapter 6
Chapter 7
Chapter 8
Chapter 9
Chapter 10
Chapter 11
Chapter 12
Chapter 13
Chapter 14
Chapter 15
Epilogue

Chapter 1

Katrina

I didn't know what made me decide that a twenty-four-hour road trip to Michigan was a bright idea, but here I was.

Despite having stopped at a motel the night before, I was still exhausted and just couldn't wait to arrive at my Grandmother's house. For now, I still enjoyed the ride as I drove along the scenic route. In fall, it was beautiful – a long stretch of road surrounded by endless yellows and oranges. As a kid, we used to take a lot of road trips along this route. My dad would sing his favorite songs while me and my mom laughed and sang along in the back.

The bittersweet memory left me feeling a little teary-eyed. I blinked, clearing my throat and willing myself to think of something else before I started crying.

I had to remind myself, that summer had ended, and Christmas was fast approaching. It was the best and my favorite time of year, and I just couldn't wait to taste grandma's favorite pies and smell the sweet, refreshing scent of the pine trees. It was all something to highly anticipate, and I was just happy I'd be back to enjoy it all.

The downside? The last time I was here, Gran had joked that she expected me to take home a date when next I visited. Though she'd laughed it off, I knew she was serious. She'd been pestering me for grandbabies ever since I was old enough to produce them.

If only Gran knew I'd never even been with a man before. I went on a couple of blind dates back in Indiana, but no one interested me enough to take such a major step with. I couldn't do it. Twenty-four and a virgin seemed like something out of the world book of records, but I always said, it was better than being twenty-four with regrets. I was fine with not losing my virginity. Heck, I'd continue to live vicariously through books and movies if that's what it took.

**

As soon as I glimpsed the red barn in the distance, a smile bloomed on my face, and my belly stirred with excitement. I drove a bit faster, desperate to arrive – to see Gran.

When the house came into clear view, my heart swelled, my eyes peeled on the structure that still seemed the same despite the years that had passed. It was made of weathered stone, with a sloping roof. The white-framed windows had flower boxes no matter the time of year, and this time, like always, they were overflowing with vibrant blooms. The porch had the rocking chairs my grandma always liked to sit in, giving her a complete view of the vast open fields.

The large red barn stood proudly, not far from the house, the color, slightly faded and giving it a rustic charm. A graveled path connected the house to the barn, lined with brown picket fences that looked newer than last I remembered.

I smiled as I parked up front and honked once. I was beaming as I looked towards the entrance, waiting for Gran to make an appearance.

I hopped out of the car just in time to see the screen door being shoved open. Gran came out, already smiling, her hands outstretched for a hug as she rushed towards me. I chuckled as I watched her, taking in the sight of her shimmering white hair, her dress that brushed her ankles and her apron strapped around her waist. She looked like something out of a movie, and I loved it.

“Ohh, my Darling, you’re finally here,” she said as she hugged me. I hugged her tightly, closing my eyes as I breathed in her familiar scent, which was the same for as long as I could remember. She always smelled like baked cookies – a rich warm scent that always made me feel right at home.

“I missed you so much,” I said, rubbing her back and smiling hard.

When we broke apart, she cupped my face, her blue eyes shimmering with tears. “Oh, I missed you. You’re as beautiful as ever. And still have some meat on your bones, which I love,” she said, tracing her thumb across my face.

My cheeks warmed at the compliment as I unconsciously glanced down at my plus-sized figure. “Thanks, Gran.”

“Come, come… I have your favorite oatmeal cookies waiting for you inside.”

“Ah, you’re just amazing!” I shrieked. “It feels like I haven’t had those in ages, but there’s none better than yours, Gran.”

She chuckled as she walked back towards the house. I was still smiling even after she left. I went to the back, grabbed my bags and my suitcase and dragged them along the graveled path to the house.

As soon as I entered, the warm scent of baked goods caught my nostrils, and I took a long whiff, once again feeling nostalgic. I placed my luggage at the front and then walked to the kitchen where Gran was. On my way there, I paused at the end table in the hallway, which was just for picture frames of the family.

I smiled when I saw my parents in one with me at their feet. I was no more than a year old, smiling from ear to ear. Mom and dad also seemed happy, their cheeks pressed together, huge smiles on their faces.

As I glanced from one to the other, the memories came back to me in a rush. I missed my parents, and although it had been years since their passing, I knew I always would. They'd been great parents, and their absence now was, at times, deeply painful.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and went to the kitchen where Grandma was pouring a glass of milk. When she looked up and saw me, she smiled.

"A glass of milk to wash it down. You must be tired from your trip."

"An understatement," I said as I slid around the island in the kitchen.

"Why didn't you take a flight?" She asked.

I shrugged. "I thought it'd be fun to drive. Turns out road trips aren't as fun with just one person."

She chuckled. "We live and learn sweetheart. Next time, you'll know better."

I adjusted a bit in my seat and smiled when she joined me. "There won't be a next time. I'm not going back."

Gran paused, her eyes widening. "What do you mean?"

"I'm staying here in Maple Harbor with you," I announced.

Her eyes immediately became glossy, her lips quivering. "You're staying?" She asked.

I nodded, feeling the happiness that soared in my heart at her reaction.

"Wha– what about work?" She asked, her eyes searching my face.

"I quit my last job and managed to get something more remote. I can work from anywhere in the country, and I choose to stay here," I said.

Gran broke out a sob, walking towards me with outstretched hands. She hugged me for the second time since being here, and this time, I couldn't stop the tears. I cried with her.

"I want to be close to family, and you're the only family I've got," I said. Her hands tightened around me.

She broke apart sniffing. "Oh, Kat, you have no idea how happy you've made me," she said, wiping the tears from her face.

"I know, and I'm glad you're happy to have me back."

"Nothing could make me happier," she said before clearing her throat.

"Great. I missed the horse rides, too – the countryside in general."

"I'm just happy you didn't turn a city girl on me," she chuckled, and I smiled.

"Ah, believe me, that life isn't for me. I love feeling at peace."

Grandma was still beaming. "I cleaned your old room before you came, but now that you're back for good, we'll maybe have to shop for some up-to-date furniture."

"Mm, eventually; but I'm not in any rush now. As long as they're still functional," I said, biting into a cookie.

"Of course they are, darling,"

I slipped off the stool and moved towards the open window, which gave a good view of the barn. As soon as I stood there, a whiff of wind came in, and I breathed in the fresh scent.

"I can't wait to go riding on one of the horses tomorrow. I hope Boxer remembers me," I said, referring to my favorite horse.

"He sure does. Horses have great memory," she said.

My brows furrowed when I saw a man walking towards the barn. He was some distance away, but I could tell he was tall and fit.

"Gran, there's a strange man walking towards the barn," I said, turning to look at her, already feeling myself about to panic.

"Oh, that's just Alan," she said as she approached me. She shifted the curtains to the side and peeked out before nodding her head. "Yes, I figured it might be."

I frowned as I stared at her. "Who's Alan?" I asked, confused.

Gran sighed lightly, slowly walking back towards the counter. "He's renting out the room by the barn."

I gasped. “What – Gran, last time I checked, that room wasn’t even finished. Granddad didn’t get the chance to before he passed.”

“Well, Alan came by desperate for someplace to stay so I told him about it, and he helped to complete whatever was left on it.”

I scoffed as I gawked at her. “Gran, you don’t know this guy. For all we know, he could be dangerous!”

“He’s been living here for two months now, and I’m still breathing. I’m a good judge of character, Kat. You shouldn’t worry.”

I shook my head. “Where’s he from? How old is he? What do you even know about this guy, Gran? You’re lucky he didn’t rob you blind and take off.”

She shook her head, fanning me off. “You’re exaggerating. Alan’s a good man. Plus, he helps me with the horses and the upkeep of the barn and stables.”

I stared at her, finding it hard to believe what she was saying. I frowned when I remembered the picket fences. “So, he was the one who helped with the fences?” I asked.

She smiled. “You noticed? Yes, he did.”

I shook my head. “Gran, I’m not too sure about this.”

“You don’t have to be; I am. Alan’s a great guy, and as hard as it might be to believe, he makes me feel safe here.”

“He’s a stranger,” I pointed out slowly.

“Everyone’s a stranger until they become friends, right?” She smiled, patting me on my shoulder. “Don’t worry about it, sweetie.”

I sighed. “I’ll have to go talk to this guy.”

“If that’s what it takes to reassure you, then by all means.”

I stared down at the cookies, suddenly losing my appetite for it.

“Why didn’t you tell me any of this?” I asked.

“I didn’t want to worry you, and I didn’t think it was that big of a deal.”

I scoffed. “Of course, it is.”

“Well, everything is alright, dear.”

I sighed, shaking my head.

A strange man was living in my grandmother’s barn. The first order of business was drawing my own conclusion of him.

Chapter 2

Katrina

I sighed heavily once I'd managed to drag all my luggage upstairs. I paused at my old childhood bedroom and smiled as the memories came back to me. I still had my One Direction poster over my bed, stickers all around the lavender walls, and my favorite blanket was thrown across the edge of the bed.

A lot had changed since college. Staring at everything now, I understood why Gran said I'd need new furniture. The bed for one, was too small. Id gained some extra pounds over the years and would prefer not to have a dorm-size bed at twenty-four.

I went to open the curtains, my gaze meeting the barn, which was just a few meters away. I chewed on my bottom lip, reminding myself that I still had to talk to this Alan guy.

First, I took a shower, changed into some clean clothes, and went downstairs where my Gran was. She was in the living room, knitting, her cats laid at her feet.

We both smiled when we saw each other.

"I'm gonna go by the barn. Talk to this Alan guy."

"His name is Alan Chase," she pointed out.

"Ok, I'm gonna head there before it gets any later."

"I should come with you," she said, placing her things on the sofa.

"No, that's fine. I won't be long either way."

Gran raised her brow. "Promise you won't be rude."

I snorted. "Gran, I have no reason to be."

"Hmm," she mumbled.

I laughed before I headed out.

The sun was setting in the distance, and I smiled as I walked along the graveled path to the barn. I tucked my hands into the pockets of my sweatpants, happy to be feeling at home.

The only problem was this stranger I knew nothing about who occupied a part of the premises. I really hoped Gran was right about him because the last thing I wanted to do was convince her to send

this guy on his way.

The door to the barn was opened but was vacant as far as I could see – except for the stacks of hay stored inside. The stables were right beside it, and I smiled once I saw the horses. My grin widened when I saw my childhood horse, Boxer, who whinnied once he saw me.

“Hey, boy,” I greeted, stroking his shiny black mane. “I missed you so much,” I said.

I still had my smile in place until I caught a glimpse of Alan moving towards the small cabin. My brows furrowed as I watched him. He didn’t see me, but I couldn’t miss him. He was huge. His back was turned, his dark blonde hair slightly damp.

I swallowed as I watched him, and when he turned towards me, my heart galloped in my chest. The first thing I noticed was his unbuttoned shirt which showcased his slightly hairy chest and his toned abs. He had sharp, intense features, striking blue eyes, an angular face and a narrow nose. Some of his spiky hair fell to his face, some fanning against his strong neck.

He seemed surprised to see me at first, judging by the slight raise of his brow, but then he eased and straightened, staring straight at me.

“You’re Alice’s granddaughter,” he stated, looking at me from head to toe.

“I am,” I said, walking up to him and folding my arms once I was close enough. “How did you know?”

“I’ve seen pictures,” he said, his piercing gaze still searching my face.

“You’ve been inside the house?”

“Yes,” he quipped.

I swallowed, feeling like I was slowly losing the iron-clad composure I’d left the house with.

“Gran tells me you’ve been living here for about two months now.”

“Correct,” he said.

I straightened, leaning against the stable walls. “Where are you from?”

“Miami.”

I frowned. “You leave a place like Miami to come settle on a

barn with an old woman?" I asked, my frown deepening.

He curtly nodded. "Is something wrong?"

I shrugged. "Gran seems to think you're this great guy with no ill intentions, but I just can't wrap my head around it. Are you running from the law?"

"No ma'am."

I resisted to roll my eyes at his dry answers. "Then why are you here?"

"Are you kicking me out?" He asked, and I froze. I really should for my own peace of mind, but I had no reason to and knew Gran would be upset with me.

"Not yet, but I'd like to know who you are since I'll be living here from now on," I stated firmly.

"The name's Alan Chase."

"Yeah, I got that. Why here?"

He cleared his throat. "I heard some boys talking in a grocery store about an old lady wanting someone to help out with the stables. I checked it out, and they were right."

I scoffed. "What do you do for work?"

"I fix cars."

I said nothing after; just stared at him. Yet I was unable to read the expression on his face. He showed nothing. It was like staring at a blank piece of paper. His eyes were as cold as they came and that left me a little uncomfortable.

"Okay, well that's all for now."

He nodded and turned, heading back towards the small, boarded cabin.

I huffed out a breath once he was out of sight, feeling like I failed to do what I came here to do. The guy wasn't much of a talker or an open book. He had a blank stare, and he looked like he could crush someone with the pad of his thumb.

I was not reassured.

**

Gran was in the kitchen when I got back. She turned and smiled when I came in.

“How’d it go?”

“He’s such a chatterbox,” I quipped dryly.

Gran laughed. “I think it’s because he was in the army,” she said.

My eyes widened. “He was?”

She nodded. “He’s a vet. Retired after serving twenty-two years.”

I gawked at her. “How did you manage to leave that part out?”

“I just remembered.”

I shook my head. “Gran, I don’t like this. I’m entirely grateful for his service, but this guy could be unhinged for all we know.”

She fanned me off. “Oh, he’s absolutely fine. Please Kat, let this go. I like Alan; he’s a good guy, and he’s kind!” She argued.

I sighed heavily. “Fine, I’ll leave it for now, but until I’m a hundred percent reassured, I’m keeping my eyes peeled on this guy.”

She chuckled. “Are you sure you aren’t just keeping it peeled because he’s a good-looking man?”

I scoffed, unable to believe she said that. “Gran!” I shrieked.

“What? Anyone with eyes can see he’s a looker.”

My cheeks tingled a bit. “Well, I didn’t notice,” I murmured.

She laughed. “Speaking of, are you dating anyone?”

I pulled in a breath, knowing this conversation would eventually come. “I think my return to Maple Harbor is a big enough hint for that question.”

She smiled. “So, it’s a no.”

I nodded. “Sorry to disappoint.”

“You could never disappoint me, Kat. When the time is right, you will find the perfect man and have the perfect family. Although I’d prefer it sooner than later, I’m patient.”

I smiled. “Well, it’s about time now, isn’t it?” I said, making a face at her. “I can’t believe I thought I’d be married with kids and my dream house at twenty-four. I don’t even have one of those things, and I’m almost twenty-five,” I murmured, blowing out a sigh and throwing myself into a chair.

Gran glanced my way after putting a tray in the oven. “Don’t worry about it; there’s no timeline to success. You shouldn’t be hard

on yourself."

I rested my head on the counter. "I'm not; it's just… I feel like some things should already be in place y'know?"

"Well, you're still twenty-four. A lot can happen in five months."

I scoffed. "Right. A miracle."

**

Gran made tomato soup and grilled cheese sandwich for dinner. We chatted and laughed for a bit, until it got late, and she decided it was her bedtime. It was just minutes past eight, and I was used to going to bed later, but since it was so quiet and I had no other company, I decided to call it a night as well.

I stared at my unpacked suitcase once I was in my room and flopped down on the bed with a heavy sigh. The long day came crashing down on me, and I could feel the unease in my body from being so tired.

My eyes started to flutter, but the stream of light coming through the open windows caught my attention. I got up to close it and realized it was coming from the barn. I realized there wasn't any signs of Alan; maybe he'd already gone in for the night or was out somewhere.

I closed the curtains and welcomed the dark room, hopping beneath the covers and staring at the ceiling as my thoughts rushed in. Alan's face came to mind. I could still feel the chill from his piercing blue eyes, but my heart skipped a beat when I remembered how good his body looked. He worked out for sure, or at least did a lot of strenuous work. Either way, he was a looker on many levels.

If he approached me in a bar, I'd definitely give him a shot. But this was no bar. He was an ex-soldier living on my grandmother's property, and I couldn't read him. He was a blank page, and that annoyed me.

Maybe it was a red flag. Maybe that was enough to let me know that there was more to this guy.

I sighed and turned, pulling up the covers to my neck. It had been two months, and Gran didn't voice any complaints. Maybe it was just in my head, and I was just paranoid.

By the looks of it, this guy wasn't going anywhere.

Chapter 3

Katrina

I woke up early the next morning, fixed myself a cup of hot coffee and went to sit on the porch. Gran wasn't up as yet since it was early out, but I liked getting up extra early when I was in Maple Harbor — Just before sunrise where you could smell the crisp, fresh air, and the green grass.

It was just as perfect as I remembered. I smiled as I took a sip of coffee, realizing how at peace I felt in Maple Harbor. It was quite the opposite as a kid. I couldn't wait to get out of here, explore the big cities and meet new people. While that had been fun, I'd realized this was home at the end of the day, and nothing would be better than that.

The problem with Maple Harbor was, there weren't many places to go or many people to meet. It only had a small town consisting of mostly families or people you knew since you were born. Alan was possibly the newest face around here in a decade. It made me wonder what people thought of him.

"Good morning, ma'am."

I almost spilled my coffee when I was caught off guard by a deep, velvety voice. I swiveled my head to the side, and there he was. Speak of the damned devil.

Alan stood to the side of the porch wearing a flannel he rolled up to his elbows. This time, he was all buttoned up, but that still didn't stop me from remembering his broad chest.

"I didn't mean to startle you," he said.

I cleared my throat, placing my coffee to the floor.

"It's alright. Good morning," I said.

"I brought your granny some eggs," he said, lifting the small basket with about a dozen eggs.

"Oh," I said. "Thank you," I said as I got up to take it.

I lingered there for a second, biting my lips as I gave him a second shot at a conversation. "I'm sorry if I came off a little too stern yesterday," I said.

"You didn't," he said.

I swallowed; he was staring right at me. “Surely you understand why I’m a little protective.”

“Of course.”

“You’re a stranger, and my Gran lives alone.”

“I get it.”

I pulled in a breath. “Gran tells me you were in the army,” I said.

His jaw ticked, but the solemn look on his face hadn’t changed. “That’s right.”

I sighed. “I just want my grandmother to be safe. Are you running from something – someone?”

His gaze shifted a little. “No ma’am.”

I nodded. “Okay, then we’re good – and please, call me Katrina or Kat.”

He nodded, and my gaze shifted to the horses out in the fields.

“Do you ride?”

He turned to look at them. “I do.”

I smiled. “Do you have some time on your hands? We could give it a go.”

A ghost of a smile that I would have missed if I wasn’t paying such close attention, appeared on his face.

“I’d like that.”

I smiled then. “Okay, give me a minute,” I said as I took another sip of coffee and went to put the mug inside. I met gran coming from upstairs on my way out.

“Where are you headed off to?” She asked.

“I’m gonna go riding with your little friend.” I smiled seeing the shocked expression on her face. Not allowing her any time to respond, I skipped outside where Alan was.

He’d already started to walk back to the stables, but I caught up with him. The walk there was silent, but once I saw Boxer, I smiled.

“This is Boxer,” I said glancing at Alan. “I got him when I was ten and obsessed with the book Animal Farm.”

“Alice mentioned it. She talks about you a lot,” he said as he got the saddles and strapped them onto the horses.

“She does?” I smiled.

“She’s proud,” he said.

I smiled, rubbing Boxer’s head. “You don’t talk much.”

“I’m more of a listener,” he said as he helped me to get my saddle in place.

“Hmm.” I mounted Boxer with a huff and glanced over at Alan who had one of the brown horses.

“Last time I was here, that one was a wild horse,” I informed.

“He was, I helped to put him on track,” he said.

“Did you?”

He nodded before mounting it. The horse snorted, but Alan gave him a gentle pat.

He glanced my way. “You sure you know what you’re doing?”

I snorted. “I should be the one asking you that question. You weren’t born in the country.”

“I’ve always liked horses.”

“Well, don’t break a sweat. I’ve been doing this since I was a kid.”

He raised a brow, pulled at the reins and then went galloping into the sunrise.

I had a beaming smile as I followed behind, trying my best to catch up. We rode along the open fields, the wind whipping my face, my hair flowing behind me. I began to laugh once I was side by side with Alan. I glanced over at him, and his peppered silver hair was blowing in the wind. He looked my way, and my heart met Boxer’s pace. He was stunning, and now with the glaze of sunshine on his face, he looked Godly.

For the first time, he genuinely smiled, exposing a line of clean, white teeth. He pulled at the reins again, and his horse took the lead. I muttered a curse under my breath but was still laughing as I raced to catch up.

I’d forgotten how good moments like this felt. To be riding, feeling everything around you. I stretched my hands out, doing my best to remain balanced while Boxer galloped at full speed. I beamed as I quickly grabbed onto the reins to regain control.

Alan slowed at a distance, and I did so as well once I was near enough. I couldn’t stop grinning, and Alan was smiling, too.

“This feels incredible,” I said.

“It does.”

“What do you say we make it official and race back to the house?” I challenged.

He raised a thick brow and shrugged. “Only if you’re prepared to lose.”

I scoffed. “Dream on.”

I trotted closer towards him but was caught off guard when Boxer whinnied loudly, rearing backwards. I gasped, losing my balance as he flung me from his back. I fell to the ground in a thud, my head hitting the surface. I blinked a few times, the sounds of Boxer’s hoofs loud as he ran away.

Alan muttered a curse, and in seconds, he was above me, his concerned blue eyes searching my face.

“Are you okay?” He asked me, his dark blonde hair falling around his face, his brows furrowed. His head was blocking the sun, but the way the rays settled on his head made it seem like he had a halo resting there. His scent was fresh and crisp like the morning air, with a slight woodsy scent seeping through.

His hand was on my arm, and his touch was warm. I felt things in my stomach – a soft flutter that made my entire body feel anxious. There was a queasy feeling inside me that I couldn’t shake, and I knew it was because he was so close to me.

I swallowed and smiled at him, admiring how beautiful he was. He oozed masculinity, a perfect man appearance-wise.

“Katrina?” He said, and my heart lurched hearing him say my name for the first time. It was like a caress on his lips – like he was meant to say it for the rest of his life.

I blinked a couple more times and then cleared my throat. “Sorry… yes, I think I’m fine,” I said, trying to get to my feet.

Alan grabbed both my arms, helping me up.

“That was a nasty fall – are you sure you’re okay?”

He was right there; I could smell the mint on his breath. I tore my gaze away and rubbed at the back of my head. “I think I just need an ice pack, and I’ll be fine,” I said.

He didn’t look convinced, but one of his hands slid from my arm. “Okay. A snake scared him. It looked like a Garter, so we’re safe.”

I muttered a curse under my breath. “Where did he run off to?”

“He’ll find his way back to the barn.”

“Damn, and I really wanted to win and laugh in your face.”

He chuckled softly. “Seems to me like Boxer sensed the loss as well.”

I rolled my eyes. “Yeah, right.”

“Come on, we should head back.”

I realized he was walking towards his horse, which made me wonder what I was supposed to do. He mounted his and then glanced at me.

“The space is big enough for the two of us,” he said.

My lips fell apart when it dawned on me. “You want me to ride back with you?”

He looked confused. “Is there another option?”

I looked back to the barn, which was only a dot in the distance. I couldn’t walk back; besides, I still felt slightly disoriented from the fall.

I cleared my throat and decided to give it a go. Alan helped me up, and I was nestled right in-front of him, my back against his firm chest. I could feel the warmth radiating from his skin, my ass tucked against his crotch. I was a curvy girl and yet I felt so small with Alan’s hands around me. My body jerked against his as he rode off, his arms brushing mine as he held the reins. His scent became more intoxicating, wrapping me in, making my thoughts all fuzzy.

The fluttering in my stomach felt stronger as I sat there, and I felt a tingling between my legs that I couldn’t ignore. There was a feeling of desire that consumed me – a need to touch the spots that ached the most.

Once he settled in the pasture, I hopped off immediately, almost losing my balance.

“Careful!” Alan exclaimed, jumping off.

I cleared my throat. “I should get to the house – get that ice pack for my head,” I said.

“Good idea,” he said, his eyes roaming my face.

I cleared my throat, managed a stiff smile, and then I was on my way. Even when I was meters away from Alan, I could still smell his scent on me, and my knees still felt weak from being so close to him.

“What’s wrong with you, Kat?” I mumbled to myself, before stepping inside the house.

Gran was in the kitchen when I went in search of an ice pack. She frowned when she saw me, her eyes roaming my frame.

“What happened? You look out of sorts,” she said.

I went to the fridge. “I fell from Boxer. A snake scared him.”

“Oh, honey, are you okay?” she asked, her voice softening.

“I think I just need an ice pack,” I said, rummaging through the fridge.

“I have frozen peas,” she said.

I saw it as soon as the words left her mouth. I grabbed it out and immediately placed it at the back of my head, winching when the coldness touched my skin.

“Are you sure you’re okay?”

“Yeah, just a little bump. I’ll be fine,” I smiled.

“Okay good. I’m making breakfast, which should be ready in a couple of minutes.”

I smiled and went to take a seat.

“So, how was the ride otherwise?” She asked

“Good, until I hit my head,” I said. “I’m not discouraged though; I still need to race Alan.”

She smiled then. “I’m glad you two are getting along.”

I shrugged. “I’m still trying to know more about him.”

“Okay, sweetie.”

My thoughts lingered yet again, and it was just him who occupied my mind. I couldn’t seem to get his face from my thoughts even if I tried, and I could still smell him on me. Something was happening to my body, and I was fully aware of what it was.

I was attracted to this man. For the first time, I actually wanted my virginity gone. I wanted to know what sex felt like with this complete stranger, and that was freaking crazy.

Chapter 4

Katrina

I chewed on my fingernails as I sat watching the barn like a hawk. My eyes weren't focused on anything, I was just blankly gazing out while I thought about the man living there.

It was just some minutes after seven, Gran had already retired for the night, and I had nothing to do. The light by Alan's cabin was still on, so I knew he was there. I wondered what he was doing – what a man like him did during nights.

I got up from the window seat and tiptoed downstairs like a high schooler sneaking out. That's what it felt like, the only difference was, I was always the good kid during my teenage years. The boys that caught my eye were off limits, and I wasn't as adventurous as the other kids. I was mostly focused on getting good grades and getting into a good college.

Now that I'd achieved it all, there was adrenaline raging inside me. I felt like I was being naughty, though I knew I wasn't. I just didn't want to wake Gran.

Or you just didn't want her to know you were sneaking out to visit the guy you wanted gone a day ago?

My nagging subconscious had me slowing in my tracks, my hands hovering over the knob. Maybe I should just head back up and head to bed. That would be the wise choice.

Yet, I opened the door and began walking towards the barn. I hugged my shoulders as soon as a gust of wind blew my way. It was fast approaching Christmas, and the nights were getting colder. It made me regret not pulling on a jacket.

I slowed when I got closer to Alan's cabin. There was some noise, like the clinking of metal. Once I got around to the front, I paused when I saw Alan's truck parked there, his legs peeking out from the bottom. He was underneath it, fixing something and didn't seem to notice that I was standing there.

I cleared my throat, and he froze up a bit before he slid out from under the old Chevy.

Alan got to his feet, using the back of his hand to wipe the beads of sweat from his forehead. In doing so, he smeared a bit of dirt there, and I smiled.

“Sorry if I disturbed you,” I said.

“It’s fine, I was just finishing up anyway.”

I looked around the cabin, which had the front door closed, but it was really in good condition and exactly like my grandfather talked about having it before he passed.

“I just came to say thanks for earlier. Riding me back after I hit my head, I mean.”

He nodded. “Don’t mention it.”

He met my gaze, and I felt the warmth rushing to my cheeks. “How’s your head, by the way?” He asked.

“The bag of frozen peas really helped,” I said with a shaky laugh. “I’m good now.”

His lips curled slightly. “I’m happy to hear that.”

There was an awkward silence between where he stared at me, and I just stared back like there was nothing I could do but stare. Alan was a rugged man, the epitome of masculinity, and I just couldn’t stop myself from feeling the things I felt.

I tore my gaze away and looked to the cabin. “I don’t know if Gran mentioned it, but my granddad started this cabin. He said he was getting old and wanted someone to help out around here. He didn’t get the chance to finish it.”

Alan nodded. “I heard. I’m sorry for your loss,” he said, grabbing a stained towel from the back of the van and wiping his soiled hands.

“You and Gran really talk a lot then.”

“We do. She’s an amazing woman.”

“We can agree on that.”

My gaze shifted inside the van where I saw a duffel bag laying on the front seat. My brows furrowed as I glanced at Alan.

“You’re leaving?” I couldn’t help but ask.

He turned to me, a bit of confusion on his face, but then realization dawned.

“As much as you’d like that to happen, I’m afraid not. I’m only heading out for a couple of days,” he said.

I felt a pang of guilt. “I don’t want you to leave,” I blurted, my heart pounding. “I mean, you might think I’m desperate to see you leave from here, but I was only being cautious,” I explained.

“I understand that, but like I said, I have no ill-intentions.” He paused wiping down the van to stare at me, his gaze lingering down my body.

I’d only known this guy for a day, but somehow I believed him. Which was just crazy, but I could tell he was telling the truth. Maybe my attraction to him had blurred my thinking a little, but there was just this gut feeling that reassured me of him.

“I believe you,” I said.

He took a step towards me, so close I could smell the motor oil on him, mixing with his usual masculine woodsy scent.

“Do you?”

I felt a nervous pinch in my stomach as Alan stared at me. His blue eyes were darker in the night – more smoldering.

“Yes,” I almost gasped, the temperature rising in my body.

Something new was happening to me. As I ogled him, I realized my eyes drifted more towards his lips. They looked inviting and soft, and I wanted to kiss them. It was a simple as that. I’d never felt such a magnetic pull towards a man before, and I didn’t know if the bump on my head earlier had made me out of sorts, but I wanted this.

I swallowed the nervous lump in my throat while my heart continued to gallop. From the way Alan was looking at me, I had to wonder if he wanted the same thing. Couldn’t be? I was just an average girl, and he was – him! Big, tall, muscular, handsome. A girl’s wet dream.

I inched a bit closer, feeling a bit of relief when he didn’t step away. That was something, right? I looked up into his eyes, my lips parting as my gaze drifted to his. I went on tiptoes because he was so tall, and my pulse quickened when he leaned into me, his hands creeping around my neck where he held the back of my head with his strong hands. A shiver ran down my spine from his touch, and I almost gasped.

I placed a hand on his arm, and then I pressed my lips to his. The light contact of skin to skin had my pulse through the roofs, heat rushing through my body and settling heatedly between my legs. My intimate flesh pulsed, and I knew it was because of my desire for Alan. I wanted him to satiate the need that thrummed wildly through me.

The warmth of his mouth against mine felt natural, yet thrillingly new. I wanted more, so I slipped my tongue inside his mouth, and his met mine in a soft caress. The kiss was unhurried, causing more desire to spread throughout my body, but I savored in

the moment. Time slowed, and the world seemed to revolve around us as our tongues softly caressed.

I closed my eyes, a soft unanticipated moan vibrating from my throat. I inched closer to feel his firm body against mine, and in doing so, he deepened the kiss. Alan explored my mouth with his skillful tongue until I was sure my panties were soaked for him. When his hand slid down my waist, our kiss intensified. My breath quickened, and my heart pounded so swiftly I feared I'd have a heart attack.

Yet, I couldn't get enough, I couldn't get close enough as Alan devoured my mouth. There was a fire in the way we kissed that I could feel radiating off Alan. I wanted so much more, right there in that moment.

I wanted him to strip me and fuck me on the stack of hay resting in the corner and knew I wouldn't regret it once we were done.

But suddenly, he pulled away like he'd been struck by something. I stood there breathing heavily, my eyes searching his as I tried to figure out what was wrong.

Alan raked his fingers through his hair and shook his head. "I'm sorry; I shouldn't have done that," he said, and I frowned.

"Why not?" I asked.

He seemed surprised at my question and cleared his throat. His eyes were still dark with lust.

"Because now I want you more than anything."

My pulse quickened at how forward he was.

My head was spinning. "I want you, too."

He took two purposeful steps away from me. "I can't…" he said, shaking his head.

More confused than ever I asked, "Why not?"

"I've got baggage. I'm a fucking mess," he said in a low tone. The iciness in his eyes started to return.

"I don't care," I said. "I just want to know what it's like for the first time."

His forehead wrinkled as he stared at me. "You're a virgin?"

My stomach tightened. There was no point in denying it even if it meant him laughing in my face.

"Yes."

"Then I'm certainly not the guy you want to lose it to. I'm

sorry.” With that he left and went into the cabin.

I stood there, shell-shocked by the interaction and his response to it. I felt like a fool, and the embarrassment I felt was greater than the desire I’d felt for him just moments ago. My eyes pricked with tears, but I swallowed the lump in my throat and walked back to the house.

Fuck!

Chapter 5

Katrina

I watched from my room window as Alan's van left later that night. I felt queasy every time I thought about what happened at the barn. Not the kiss. It was what came after. And now that the fog had cleared from my head, I wanted to kick myself each time the memory came back to me.

I shouldn't have told him how I felt. This man was a stranger for crying out loud. Yes, I wanted him to touch me in places I'd never been touched before, but I was a twenty-four-year-old virgin. He maybe thought something was wrong with me or I'd be too clingy and in love once we had sex.

But that couldn't be further from the truth. The desire I felt towards Alan was raw and real, but, of course, I didn't expect to fall in love if we ever did it. Nor did I expect this to be something more than what it would be. Just sex.

It didn't matter now anyway. He was gone for a few days, and once he returned, I'd steer clear of him. He'd made it clear about what he wanted. It was obvious it wasn't me.

I went to bed that night regretting that I went over to the barn. If I hadn't, I wouldn't have this to deal with. I wouldn't have to think about how good our kiss was or how he'd made me want to surrender myself to him. I wouldn't have to suffer the embarrassment of his rejection, which was the part that stung the most. Once he returned, I knew there would be an awkwardness between us, and I wasn't sure I was ready for that.

**

"Did you know he was leaving?" I asked Gran the following morning at breakfast.

She looked up at me, her brows furrowed. "Alan?" I asked.

"Yeah."

"Yes, he mentioned it before you came."

I looked down on my bowl of cereal. "Oh."

"How do you know he left?" She asked me, and I felt a slight

sting in my cheeks.

I cleared my throat, not really wanting to admit that I went to his cabin last night.

“I saw him leave last night. He hasn’t returned, so I thought…”

“Well, it isn’t for good. He’s coming back,” she said.

“I figured.”

“He won’t be here forever anyway. He made it clear from the beginning that it’d only be for a couple months.”

“He did?”

Gran nodded. “I think he’s trying to figure out his next move. He has a lot of pain in his eyes,” she said.

I took a spoonful of my cereal. “Alan deserves a great woman in his life – someone to love him.”

I felt a pang of guilt in my stomach as a thought came to me.

“What if he already has one?” I croaked before clearing my throat and lowering my gaze in shame. Somehow, that had slipped me when I’d been locking lips with him by his cabin.

Even Gran seemed to think on it. Then she shrugged. “It doesn’t seem like it, but he’s never brought anyone here before.”

For the rest of the meal, all I could think about was the possibility of Alan having a girlfriend. I’d kissed him, and he’d kissed back, but that barely meant anything. He could still have one, and I’d intentionally put myself out there without giving things like that a thought.

Later that day, I went to the stables to check up on Boxer and sighed when I remembered the whole ordeal when Alan and I went racing. For some reason, I just couldn’t get the man out of my head, and I hated that despite what happened, I still thought about him in ways I shouldn’t.

I went for a ride to clear my head and came back when it was getting dark out. I glanced at Alan’s cabin as I led Boxer in his stables and sighed as I returned to the house.

Gran was just plating dinner – chicken Alfredo– and smiled when she saw me. We ate in relative silence until we were done, and I washed up afterwards.

Gran was headed upstairs to her room when she paused.

“What do you say we head into town tomorrow for a bit? I have

to go grocery shopping anyway."

I smiled. "Sure thing."

I finished up, took a bath and went to lay down in bed, wishing I had something more to do. It was barely 9am, and all I could do was dwell in the silence around me. I'd start work the following week, and that would keep me busy for some time, but I wanted something else.

My gaze drifted to the window, which gave the full view of the barn, and I knew the only thing I needed that would give me some sort of satisfaction was Alan.

Yet, he was off limits. I didn't know if he had a girlfriend, and he'd made it clear he didn't want to fuck a virgin. All I could do was lust after the man and think about possibilities in my head, knowing they'd never become reality.

As I laid there, I began to think about why I'd even kept my virginity for so long. What if I never find a man like Alan again who I was completely attracted to? What if I got to thirty and was still a virgin? All of a sudden, all these scenarios kept playing out in my head, and every-time I thought of Alan, I got that warm fuzzy feeling in my gut again.

He was a good kisser, and my best guess was, he was just as good in bed. They said never to judge a book by its cover, but I was pretty sure Alan could make my toes curl and my body tremble. I longed to find out if that were true or not. I wanted his body on me again, his hands on me, his hot kisses. A girl could melt from those, and just like that, I was a hundred degrees hotter, so very close to melting.

There was a tingling between my legs, on my most sensitive flesh, and I had this urge to touch myself. Desire thrummed through me, and I felt myself getting hotter and hotter, my flesh pulsing with need.

I swallowed the nervous lump in my throat as my fingers twitched beneath the covers. I bit down on my lips as I contemplated my next move.

I shouldn't. But I was in a dark room, and my body was humming with arousal. What would it hurt?

I slipped my fingers below my pajama bottoms, and down my panties. My heart already started to thud fast, the further I went. When I felt the soft sprinkle of hair on my groin, I paused for a second, but my flesh ached for a touch.

As my fingers slid further, and I grazed my slit, I sucked in a

sharp breath, my breath quickening. My fingers slipped further, and I pressed them firmly to my flesh, my eyes fluttering as soon as I touched my hardened nub. I bit down on my lips as the sensations started to flood through my body. My honey coated my fingers, and I moaned as I explored every inch of my slit.

Realizing I got the most pleasure from my clit, I teased it even more, stroking it over and over until my body felt like it was on fire, and I was about to lose my mind. My flesh pooled with my wetness as I stroked myself, small whimpers bubbling up from my throat each time the pleasure became too much.

I snapped my eyes shut and began to rub my clit faster, my back gently arching off the bed as I tried to reach the pleasure that crashed into me.

My fingers moved faster, and my moans became louder as I touched myself. I began to thrust my hips into my hands, feeling the pressure building between my legs.

When it crashed into me completely, I stiffened, my mouth falling apart.

“Ahhhh!” I exclaimed, pressing my fingers firmly against my throbbing clit. My legs tightened around my fingers, and when I finally opened my eyes, I blinked a few times, unable to believe the level of pleasure I just felt.

When I withdrew my fingers, I stared into the ceiling like it had all the answers I needed.

Problem was, more than ever, I wanted the real thing. A man.

Chapter 6

Katrina

Gran and I drove into town around midday the following day. We ran a few errands until it got later in the evening, and we both decided to eat out. We stopped at a small restaurant in town that had been one of our favorites ever since I was a kid. The staff remained the same after years, consisting of family members who all worked together to make the place a success.

I smiled as soon as I entered and saw a familiar face at the cashier. She'd been friends with my parents before they passed and had kids I went to high school with. Gran had a huge smile in place as she moved towards the counter and greeted her warmly.

"Katrina, you're back in town?" She asked, her blue eyes wide in shock.

I smiled. "I am, Mrs. Carter."

"She's back for good," Gran inserted proudly.

Mrs. Carter's brow raised. "That's amazing, you must be so happy, Alice."

"Over the moon," she said.

"Any kids as yet?" She asked, and my smile slowly faded.

"Not as yet."

"Oh, I bet Alice here is just dying to have a great grand baby," she smiled.

Gran was nodding hard. "You know it."

I smiled awkwardly when Mrs. Carter glanced at me. I guess it was just one of those things; people expected you to have a family by a certain age. While I wanted the same thing, it was annoying to hear at times.

We chatted with Mrs. Carter for a while. I learned she had three grand babies already, which wasn't much of a shocker to me since she'd gotten her first when I was in high school. Gran was excited to hear all about it, and I could see that longing in her eyes and knew she hoped to experience a similar joy. I hated feeling like all the pressure was on me, especially since she didn't have any other grandkids.

We had dinner, and it was dark when we decided to return home. As Gran turned up the graveled road to the house, my heart lurched when I saw the rear of Alan's van parked by the barn.

Gran noticed it, too, because she said, "I didn't expect him to be back so soon."

I swallowed the lump in my throat. "Me, too."

She smiled, and I could tell she was glad he was back. My stomach stirred nervously because I knew what happened between us. Plus, I didn't even know if this man had a girlfriend. What if she was the one he visited?

Once I got out of the van, I took the bags out and brought them to the house. Gran and I chatted for a bit, and then she went upstairs to retire for the night.

I took a shower, sat by my window in my pajamas and stared out the window like an obsessed minx. I couldn't help the gnawing feeling I felt, knowing that I'd kissed a man without knowing his relationship status. If I found out he had a girlfriend, I'd sink through the ground – bury myself six feet under to spare myself the embarrassment.

My breath hitched when I caught a glimpse of him in the distance. He was getting something from his van that looked like a bag. I immediately got up and closed the curtains, trying my best to ease my galloping heart.

I bit my lips in thought and began to pace the room, feeling uneasy about the whole situation.

"I just wanted to clear the air," I told myself, pausing at the body-length mirror and assessing myself. My oversized PJs weren't the most attractive thing, but I wouldn't be going out there to attract Alan. I wanted to know if I'd been too presumptuous by kissing him – if he had a girlfriend. After that, I'd be on my way because he didn't want me.

I pulled in a breath and left my bedroom, walking briskly before I had a chance to change my mind.

**

The closer I went to the barn, the more anxious I felt, having half a mind to run back to my room and forget everything altogether. I hated to admit it, but it was more than just wanting to know whether or not Alan had a girlfriend. Deep down, I wanted to see him,

too. My body wanted it.

He was stepping out of his cabin when I arrived. I paused when I saw him, and he did, too. He seemed surprised for a fleeting moment, and then it was gone.

“Katrina,” he said and just like that, my heart was beating fast.

I rubbed my shoulder, my lips parting to ask what I came here to ask. But the words weren’t as quick to come. It felt like I was frozen there staring at him. All the desire came rushing back through my body at a simple glance, taking me by surprise.

I cleared my throat, tore my gaze away from him and looked towards his van. Staring right at him just wasn’t helping to get my thoughts in order.

“Are you– are you in a relationship?” I asked, looking at him again.

He frowned. “The kiss wouldn’t have happened if I was,” he said. The relief I expected to feel didn’t come. Instead, I felt my pulse quickening by his response.

“I thought so,” I said. “I just wanted to know if I passed my place.”

“You didn’t, Katrina.”

My cheeks stung. “Good to know… well, I’ll leave you to it. Good night, Alan,” I said as I turned and decided to head back towards the house.

“Kat,” he exclaimed, and I paused, frozen for a second before I turned to acknowledge him.

I swallowed as I watched him move towards me. “Yeah?”

When he stood in front of me, I craned my head to look up at him. His blue eyes were searching, alternating between my eyes and my lips. My stomach fluttered.

“I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you,” he said. I swallowed the gasp that almost spilled from me.

“You made it clear what you wanted, Alan — or rather, what you didn’t want,” I pointed out firmly.

His jaw ticked, but his gaze didn’t waver. “You’re too good for me, Katrina. I don’t deserve you; I don’t deserve to be with someone as pure as you.”

“You don’t know me,” I said.

His throat bobbed, and he nodded curtly. “I know enough.”

As much as I felt things for Alan, I couldn’t stand here for a second time and hear him list out reasons why he didn’t want to touch me. I couldn’t live down the embarrassment if it happened a second time.

“Look, it’s fine. It’s whatever. I got the message the first time.” I turned to leave, wanting to spare myself, but then I felt a strong hold on my wrist. This time I gasped, my heart lurching against my ribcage while fire surged through me.

I turned and met his gaze again. His eyes were dark, reminding me of the time we kissed right at this very spot just a few days ago.

It felt like my heart was about to crash out of my chest. I felt things I didn’t even know existed, and the reason was right in front of me. I still remembered the kiss from last time; it was still fresh in my memory, and I wanted it again, despite this man’s reservations.

I couldn’t help myself. I threw myself at him, pressing my mouth to his. I closed my eyes as soon as it happened because it was like the single touch had caused a thousand spasms of pleasure to start trickling through my body. I molded my mouth against him, as his tongue caressed mine, taking as much as he gave. And he was giving. Alan kissed me with the same level of passion, his hands planted firmly at my waist while his skillful tongue led mine. His body was hard and strong and warm, and having it against me only caused me to get more desirous.

His hands crept up to my neck, and he held me at the base of my head, holding me in place while he kissed me more passionately. I moaned softly against his lips, my knees weakening once the tingling between my legs intensified.

I was burning up. A furnace. Desperate to have more, I reached for the hem of his shirt, my fingers fumbling as I tried to get it up.

Alan paused, broke the kiss altogether and stared at me, breathing heavily. He pressed his forehead to mine and cupped my face in his hands. His warm breath fanned my face, increasing the heat that already consumed me.

“Are you sure about this?”

I couldn’t even think straight. “Are you?”

He swallowed visibly. “Every inch of my body is calling for you, Katrina. I’d lose it if you walked away.”

I nodded. “Me, too.”

He kissed me again, and we stumbled inside his small cabin. Alan kicked the door shut before he was back to caressing my lips with his.

When we broke the kiss again, he started undoing the buttons to my shirt and managed to get them all loose in under a minute. I never wore a bra to bed, so I was completely naked beneath.

I stared down at myself, saw the mounds of my breasts peeking out and watched as Alan's gaze followed. I was breathing heavily, liquid heat rushing between my legs as he held my shirt and gently peeled it from my shoulders. My nipples tightened as soon as they were exposed to his gaze. Alan swallowed once he saw them, his eyes filled with lust. When he covered them with both hands, I whimpered, heat rushing through my body and settling between my legs. He molded them in his big hands, muttering a curse under his breath.

"They fit into my hands so perfectly – as if they were meant for me alone," he said, and I sucked in a breath.

"I want to – I want to touch you, too," I confessed shakily. Just then I dropped my gaze to his crotch, and my heart beat faster when I saw the bulge in his pants.

"Feel free; I'm all yours."

A chill passed through my body, my cheeks stinging as I began to unbuckle the belt to Alan's denim pants. When I unzipped him, I paused to look up at him, my lips slightly parted.

I reached in, slid my hands below his boxers. I gasped when my fingers grazed his heated crotch. Alan continued to look at me, the look in his eyes urging me to continue. I slid my hand around his member, my eyes widening as I gauged the size. He was thick and warm, and his flesh pulsed softly. The skin was smooth, and he had a bit of hair around his groin.

"Do you want it deep inside you, Beautiful?"

I replied with the only answer that came to mind. "Yes."

He kissed me roughly before he broke the kiss and pulled off the rest of his clothes. He stood naked in front of me, every inch of him hard. He had a toned chest, narrow hips and a length between his legs that almost looked like a third leg. As I stood there, it dawned on me that there was a possibility that I couldn't fit him inside me. I was a virgin for crying out loud, and he was huge.

Yet, I knew my panties were soaked, and I was filled with so much need, even the feel of air on my body left me more aroused.

I pulled my pants from my hips and stepped outside them. My panties were next; I looked down at them, realized they weren't the sexiest, but from the way Alan looked at them, it made me think they were. I'd never felt self-conscious about how curvy I was, and being in this position only reassured me even more. Alan looked at me as if I were a prize.

I hooked my fingers in and pulled them down, now naked in front of him as he was in front of me. He took his time to stare at me, his gaze trailing along every inch of my body.

"God took his time on you," he said, stepping closer. "And now I'm gonna take mine."

He pulled me to him, and I gasped when I came in contact with his body. His thick erection pressed against my stomach, throbbing softly. My nipples grazed his skin, sending tiny bolts of pleasure through my body.

Alan's hand followed the curve of my hips, caressing my legs before they slipped between us. He found the nub of my clit and flicked his fingers against it. I whimpered against his mouth, a soft jolt passing through my body. He rubbed there soft, gently, and I flowed more juices for him.

My knees buckled, and he gently pushed me in the direction of his bed. The moment the back of my legs touched it, I toppled onto it. I gasped but giggled once I saw the grin on Alan's face.

He climbed on top of me, hovering over me with his silver-fox hair framing his face. This was the first time a man had ever been this close to me, and I feared I'd pass out before anything actually happened. He looked me dead in the eye while his finger trailed between my legs.

I parted them to give him access and moaned when he found my heated flesh once again. He dipped his head and kissed me softly while gently caressing my folds. I was wet, and I could hear it as well as I could feel it against my skin. Alan teased my flesh until I began to writhe on the bed, the sensations becoming overwhelming.

"I want you inside me," I said, feeling slightly frustrated.

"As much as I want to bury myself deep inside your sweetness, I have to get you ready first. I don't want to cause you a lot of pain."

Somehow, in this haze of desire, I'd forgotten that losing my virginity meant feeling some discomfort in the process.

"Okay," I said, trailing my hand against his arm.

Just then, he slipped a finger inside me, and I gasped. The feeling wasn't entirely new as I'd done it to myself before, but it was new in the sense that no one had ever done this to me before. And if I were being honest, it felt so much better when he did it.

He stroked my flesh gently, his thick finger driving back and forth inside me.

Alan kissed my cheek. "You're so wet – perfectly wet," he said. He added another finger, but I was too tight and there was a bit of resistance as he tried to get it in. I felt fuller as he stroked me with both fingers. I became wetter, so wet that I could hear every single stroke.

"Tell me how you feel every step of the way, Katrina."

My eyes fluttered as I nodded and latched onto him, wanting to taste his mouth on me once again.

"I think I'm ready," I said, my walls gripping onto his fingers.

I reached between us to take hold of his length and stroked it a few times. Alan's jaw was clenched, his fingers thrusting deeper inside me. I gasped when he met the barrier, but it was still so good.

He withdrew then and leaned over to get something from the drawer of his nightstand. He pulled out a small shiny packet, and I watched with bated breath as he tore it open. It was a condom that he immediately used to sheath his huge erection. He glanced at me afterwards, and a flutter formed in my tummy.

Alan dipped his head to my chest and took a breast in his mouth while he used his hand to caress the other. I gasped when his warm mouth covered my flesh, when he swirled his tongue around my nipple and tugged it into his mouth. He gently squeezed the other, rolling my nipples between his fingers. I writhed on the bed, blinking rapidly as I stared into the ceiling. I felt as though I were about to lose my mind. Everything felt so good.

Moaning, I slid my hand up his back and through his silky soft hair. My hands explored his body while his mouth suckled on my tits. My breathing became more frantic the longer he stayed, and my core convulsed as liquid heat rushed between my legs.

"Now, please," I whispered, looking up at him.

His hand left my breast to slide around my hips, and I moaned when he slid it between my legs and onto my flesh. He rubbed on my flesh for a few seconds, and then I felt the tip of his hard erection nudging at my entrance.

I held my breath and wrapped my hands around Alan while he got comfortable. I could feel the warmth of his tip through the slick condom and shifted my hips a little to further bask in the feeling.

"Be gentle, please," I said when my flesh parted around his length.

He dipped his head to kiss me, and I almost melted against the bed. The kiss was hungry and fierce, and my honey drizzled even more for him. He pressed himself further, and I whimpered softly as he cushioned himself inside my snatch. I could already tell how full he would make me and prepared myself for it.

I stiffened, moaning against his mouth when he broke into me, driving himself deep before pausing. I'd expected the discomfort, I just never expected the pain to be that sharp or jarring.

Tears suddenly pricked my eyes. A part of me wanted him to stop, but I knew this was just the worse part.

"Relax beautiful; I promise to make you feel good," he said in a husky tone, slipping further inside me.

My nails dug into his back, and as much as I didn't want to break his skin, I knew it would be a possibility. I didn't feel like I could control that, and for now, Alan had no problems with it.

He started to move slowly inside me, cruising on my bruised flesh. I tried my best to relax as he'd said and began to think about all the good things about this. Alan was an attractive man, and he was inside me, taking my virginity that I'd held onto for years.

I then realized the more he moved inside me, the more the pain faded. It became less painful with each passing second. I began to moan pleasant moans. Alan increased his pace just a little, going deeper.

A small spasm passed through my body, causing my walls to cling onto him. A spark of pleasure rushed through me, and in an instant, I wanted more.

"Yes," I exclaimed, sliding my hands down his back and reaching for his firm ass.

I pressed him further into me and gasped when his thickness stretched me further open. I began to convulse, my brain a flurry as I tried to make sense of the sudden rush of pleasure.

"Faster, please," I begged, not knowing I even had such words within me.

Baring his teeth, Alan obliged, moving more swiftly, probing

deeper. The squelching sounds of my wetness echoed in the room. Alan moaned, his muscles flexing, his neck now red as he moved inside me. My breathing became more frantic, my heart plundered as he began to fill me with deep strokes. I gasped, closing my eyes before popping them open again. I was delirious with pleasure, experiencing a feeling I'd never experienced before.

There was a warmth, a tension coiling deep within my gut, growing with each touch, each caress, each stroke. My breath quickened as an unbearable ache of pleasure expanded inside me. I was crying out, calling Alan's name with my hands pressed against his taut ass. He was at the hilt, and I convulsed around him, my walls clenching and unclenching.

"I'm coming!" I exclaimed, followed by a scream when it all but crashed into me. Ripples of pleasure spread throughout my body, leaving me trembling and out of my wits.

"Fuck!" Alan grunted before he bucked. I felt the warmth of his cum trapped in his condom, his body flexing as he poured it all into the thin sheath of plastic.

Suddenly, I wanted to know what it felt like if all of that had been inside me. I moaned, shivering as I came down from my climax, my body unraveling, a feeling of calm filling me.

When Alan pulled out, I closed my eyes and basked in how wonderful my body felt. There was no feeling like it; I felt like I was on cloud nine. It was euphoric.

**

"How do you feel?" Alan asked me about a minute later.

I turned to him, smiling. "Alive."

He chuckled. "It looks good on you."

I smiled. "Thank you… for everything."

"It was my pleasure."

I bit my lips as I stared at him, a sheen of sweat glowing on his skin and emphasizing his muscles. His blue eyes weren't as stern but had that look of softness that differed from how he usually looked.

I had half a mind to roll over and lay on his chest, basking in the aftermath of our lovemaking, but I didn't want this to get awkward. It was just sex, and I'd made that clear from the get-go. The longer I stayed, the more feelings would eventually get involved.

I cleared my throat. “I’ve gotta go,” I said as I eased up from the bed.

“You don’t have to leave as yet,” he said, getting up as well.

“I do. I don’t want Gran to wake up and wonder where I am,” I said.

I almost winced from the soreness between my legs but managed to get my clothes from off the floor. I felt a little shy when Alan continued to stare at me. The lustful look was still in his eyes, and I smiled to myself. I wondered if he wanted to go again but figured there was no way. I was exhausted.

I tried to get dressed as fast as I could, and once done, I turned to him. He was still sitting on the bed with his flaccid dick between his legs, looking as sexy as ever.

When I had all my clothes on, I used my fingers to comb through my hair. I glanced at Alan who pulled a shirt on.

“See you later,” I smiled, timidly waving at him.

He nodded; his eyes still trained intently on me. Without saying another word, I left his cabin and walked back to the house.

I flopped down in my bed as soon as I arrived, a slow smile spreading across my face.

Chapter 7

Katrina

I didn't know that the soreness would still be there even the following morning. Yet, despite that nagging feeling of discomfort, I wanted Alan there again. I couldn't explain it, but it was just pure, wild lust burrowing through me. There was this need to have him again, to experience the feeling over and over, and it was just blissful.

There was a constant flutter in my stomach even when I went down for breakfast. Gran smiled when I entered the kitchen, and I felt a spark of heat in my cheeks. There was no guilt or regret, but after what I did last night with Alan, I couldn't help my blush.

"Pancakes and bacon," she said as she gestured towards the table with my plated breakfast.

"Thanks, Gran," I said as I took a seat.

She smiled and joined me shortly after with two cups of steaming coffee.

I didn't hesitate to dig in, trying my best to think about what was in front of me rather than what happened last night.

"So, Alan came back," Gran said.

A piece of pancake suddenly got caught in my throat, and I coughed, my cheeks heating up at the mention of Alan's name that caught me so off guard.

"Sweetheart, are you okay?" She asked as I coughed. Her eyes were filled with concern as she searched my face.

I cleared my throat, nodding in the process to reassure her. "Yeah, I'm fine. I guess I was hungrier than I realized," I said with a smile.

She smiled then.

"Yeah, remember, we saw his van in the driveway," I reminded.

"Oh, yes, this brain of mine isn't as good as it used to be," she chuckled. "I have lunch with May this afternoon. Do you want to join us?" She asked.

It took me a second to remember who May was. But I quickly remembered she was my grandma's old friend. Based on the stories, they'd been inseparable since birth.

“I was thinking of taking Boxer out for a ride, go for a run…”

The truth was, I wanted to see Alan again, but I couldn’t exactly admit that to Gran. I didn’t even know if Alan would be around anyway, but I’d still be content with being alone at home rather than catching up with my grandmother’s old friend who’d bombard me with questions about my relationship status and why I didn’t have kids as yet.

I helped out Gran around the house, washed up and then glanced out the window to the barn as soon as I was in my room. His van was still there, as-well as his motorcycle, which let me know Alan was there.

I smiled to myself, subconsciously, thinking back to how he’d made me feel last night.

**

“Kat, I’m leaving now!” Gran called a few hours later. I glanced at the time, closed down my laptop and slid off the chair before leaving the room.

Gran was by the door when I saw her, all dressed up and ready to go.

“Tell May I said hi.”

“Will do, sweetie,” she smiled, reaching out to kiss me on the cheek.

I watched as Gran got in the car and drove out of the driveway. She honked once, and I waved with a smile on my face, my gaze shifting to the barn where I caught a glimpse of Alan. My pulse suddenly lurched, my cheeks heating up, my body all hot and needy.

I watched until Gran was out of sight. I stood on the porch with the sunlight streaming on my face. Alan looked my way, made sure I saw him, and then he turned in the direction of his cabin.

I was a few degrees hotter than just moments ago. Seeing Alan just made it worse.

I swallowed, trying to shake off some of the nervousness, and then I did the very thing I wanted to do since last night. I walked towards the stables, my heart pounding in my chest and a fire burning between my legs.

The closer I came towards him, the more anxious I felt.

I stopped just as I reached his cabin. There was no sign of him,

and I wondered if he had taken off in the short time. A pang of disappointment dropped to my stomach as I stood there.

I was about to turn and leave, but then Alan came from around and corner, and just like that my pulse skyrocketed through the roof. I didn't think it had been possible for Alan to look any more attractive than he was, but there he was, oozing charm with that enigmatic glint in his eyes.

Memories of last night came rushing back, and heat spurred between my legs. He walked towards me, and my beating heart felt like it was about to explode.

I lunged at him, grabbing onto him tightly and crushing my lips to his. My eyes instantly closed as I tasted the familiar softness of his sweet lips. The hunger felt even greater as we kissed. I realized he kissed me with the same urgency, and it made me realize he wanted me again just as I wanted him.

I couldn't satiate the fire burning through me. I wanted him right away; I began to unbuckle his pants, yearning to touch his thickness yet again – to have it wrapped around my fingers.

I gasped when Alan picked me off the ground, carrying me in his hands as if I weighed nothing. He brought me towards the barn and flopped me down on the bed. I landed in an oomph, staring up at him as he towered over me.

I was breathing heavily, barely able to catch my breath as new and familiar sensations rushed through me. Alan reached for the waist of my shorts, tugging them down my legs and tossing them to a corner of the room. His eyes darkened when he glanced at my crotch, and my flesh tingled even more as I waited for his touch.

He pulled off my panties next, and my head swirled as he stared at me unabashedly. I pulled up my legs and parted them for him, giving him a full view of my damp flesh. He swallowed visibly and immediately started to tug on his pants. In a second his hard dick was gently throbbing in front of me, and I gasped.

He pulled off his shirt, and I did the same. He climbed onto the bed and didn't waste any time in kissing me, while his hardness grazed my legs. I wrapped my hands around his neck and kissed him fervently, spreading my legs as wide as I could for him to take me whenever he wanted.

"I want you so much," I said after he tore his mouth away to look at me.

"I've been dreaming of having you in this exact spot all night,"

he said, and I sucked in a breath when his strong fingers grazed my pussy.

I closed my eyes as I reveled in the feeling of him caressing my clit. A thousand sensations rushed through me, mixing with that feeling of Déjà vu.

“I couldn’t stop thinking about sinking my cock inside your tight pussy, Kat.”

I moaned at his words but quickly gasped when he slid a finger inside me.

Alan froze, staring down at me with a glint of concern in his eyes.

“Still sore?” He asked.

I swallowed, my cheeks burning. “Just a little tender,” I stated.

He pulled his finger from inside me and kissed me softly on the lips. It was so tender; I could have cried if it lasted any longer.

He shifted on the bed, placing kisses along my chest and around my sensitive breasts. Alan licked my tight nipples, leaving a trail as he moved along to my stomach. When he was at my belly button, I felt a flurry there that caused my core to tighten.

When he shifted lower, peppering my skin with kisses, it dawned on me what his intentions were. My heart thudded faster, a small jolt shaking my body when he kissed me on my most sensitive flesh.

“I’ll take good care of you,” he said, parting my legs and kissing me down my slit. He kissed on the inside of my thick legs, and then down to my flesh. I whimpered sweetly when he kissed me there again, causing small spasms to flood my body. When his hot tongue slid out to lick my flesh, I moaned yet again.

I looked down at Alan to find his head nestled between my legs. He must have felt my eyes on him because he looked up at me while he licked me. Something wild and fiery rushed through me seeing him there like that. I didn’t know how to describe it, but it was something even stronger than what I’d felt last night. A desire so striking it could have taken my breath away.

Alan’s hand reached up to clasp my breast. He squeezed onto one gently while he ate me out. His tongue struck deep inside me, stroking that spot his erection had been the night before. His mouth was warm, and as he flicked his tongue across my bud, I felt even more aroused.

I closed my eyes and began to writhe gently on the bed while Alan suckled on my flesh. His hand tightened on my breast, and I whimpered in between, trying to hold onto as much of my sanity as I could.

"Alan please… I want you…now," I said, sounding breathless.

He sucked on me for a moment longer until I thought I was about to come. Just when I felt I was nearing my peak, he pulled off me.

We were face to face again shortly after, and he kissed me. I tasted myself on him, and he made sure I did because the kiss was long and sloppy. I moaned as I reached between us in search of his length. My honey poured even more when I touched it and held it in my hands. I parted my legs even wider, guiding his thickness towards my entrance.

When his tip grazed my flesh, I let go of him, allowing him to do the rest. My lips parted as Alan slowly impaled me, stretching my flesh until he was settled deeply inside me. I clung to him, my nails digging into his flesh as my core welcomed his bigness. My walls clenched around him, familiarizing itself with him yet again. He filled me to the max, and it was so …special.

I met his gaze while tears pricked at my eyes. It was so freaking good – better. And it suddenly occurred to me that there was no condom separating us this time – just skin to skin. The difference was astonishing. I could feel him so much more, plus there was no longer any pain; just a sweet ache that pulsed between us.

"Fuck me," I whispered.

I gasped when Alan pulled back only to plunge deeply inside me. My walls clung to him with every powerful stroke, and I whimpered, clinging onto him while pleasure soared through me.

Alan kissed my mouth briefly, his warm body pressed against mine while his hips flexed with his every thrust.

"You feel so good, Katrina," he said in a husky tone, kissing my ear before he pulled himself up on his knees and began fucking me.

I thrashed my head from side to side as the pleasure flooded through me. I went nearer with each stroke, knowing that in a matter of seconds, I'd burst into a million pieces.

Alan muttered something indecipherable under his breath before he pulled out and slapped his beefy rod against my mound. I gasped, my body slightly jolting while my core constricted.

He came to lay beside me, rolling me over to my side while he settled behind me. I moaned as his hands roamed over my hips before he lifted my leg to rest against his. Alan shuffled a little, his breath hot against my skin. He slid a hand beneath me, clasping my breast and then he entered me from behind. I gasped as he filled me, grunting as he drove deep.

He kissed against my shoulders and neck, filling me with deliberate strokes. I moaned softly, more heat spreading through my body as Alan's body slid against mine. He slid his free hand over my hips and touched my aching flesh while he moved inside me. I gasped, my body slightly jolting as he rubbed my flesh.

"Alan," I mewled as the pleasure barreled inside me.

"Come with me," he said, increasing his speed. I jutted out my ass to get as much of him while the pressure began to build in my gut.

Alan rubbed my clit faster, stroking me deeper. My core tightened, my walls clenching and unclenching around him. I stiffened before my body began to shiver. Alan bucked inside me, going all the way before he muttered a curse and pulled out. I felt the warm splash of his essence against my ass and closed my eyes as I reveled in it all.

We were both breathing heavily, completely spent as we tried to recover from our orgasm.

I turned to him, meeting his eyes. "That was so good."

He smiled. "It gets even better than this," he admitted.

My pulse raced in excitement. "I want to experience it all."

"No strings?" He asked, and I felt a pang in my stomach. It wasn't exactly what I wanted to hear, but it was what I'd signed up for from the very start.

I swallowed. "No strings."

Chapter 8

Katrina

After losing my virginity to Alan, I snuck out to meet him for an entire week afterward. Gran had no idea what was happening as she always went to bed early and woke up when I was back in.

I still enjoyed the thrill of it; after a week, the desire and the fire had not faded one bit. Seeing Alan each time was like an adrenaline rush I wanted to experience over and over again.

It was new and filling, and I was enjoying it while it lasted. No strings he had said, and I agreed because I wanted this, even though I wanted to know everything about this guy who'd made me feel alive after twenty-four years of living. The sex was great. I just had to keep my feelings out of it. It was better that way.

One Sunday after Gran left for church, I walked over to Alan who was tending to the horses. He flashed a smile when he saw me, and I blushed.

"Hey," I said, giving a small wave.

"Hello to you," he said, looking over my shoulders. "Your grandma left for church?"

"She did."

"You're all alone there?" He asked, but I could hear the tease in his voice.

"I am."

He walked towards me and based on the look in his eyes, his intentions were clear. He knew exactly what I wanted, and he wanted the same.

He kissed me. I pulled apart before I became too weak to pull away. I looked up into his lustful eyes, almost tempted to change my mind about what I was about to ask.

"You owe me a race," I said, and a grin split across his handsome face.

"So I do," he chuckled, turning to the horses. "As long as you're prepared to lose."

I scoffed as I walked towards Boxer. "No chance of that happening."

He chuckled softly before he got the saddles and strapped them onto the horses. I watched him as he did so, with muscles flexing, strength exuding off every inch of him. My attraction towards Alan was unhealthy at this point in time. I couldn't look at him without feeling a flutter in my stomach or a tingling between my legs.

After he was done, he patted Boxer and glanced at me.

"Ready?"

"More than ever."

He walked towards me and planted his hands on my waist to help me up. Heat sizzled throughout my body from his touch. I cleared my throat once I was seated and watched him as he mounted his horse.

We led them into the open fields and on the count of three, they were speeding off. I giggled right away, enjoying the way the wind whipped my hair and the way the sun kissed my skin.

For a second, I'd forgotten the reason for this ride. Alan was leading, and I couldn't allow that.

With a slight flick of the reins and the firm squeeze of my calves, I urged Boxer into a gallop. His muscles rippled beneath me as we sped across the open field. Alan and I were neck and neck, glancing at each other as we rode. I looked toward the horizon ahead and realized the empty land was coming to an end. I urged Boxer on, grinning when we took the lead.

I pulled at the reins as we neared the end, and I laughed when we came to a complete stop. Alan rode in a second later, a smug look on his face.

"Beginner's luck," he said, and I rolled my eyes.

"You wish."

He chuckled. "I think there's a river nearby where we could stop for a sec," he said.

"Yeah, it's not far from here," I said, glancing back in the direction of the house, but we were so far ahead, it was out of sight.

Boxer trotted slowly through the trees and bushes, with Alan behind. About five minutes later, we were standing in front of a beautiful river stream surrounded by tall trees and reeds at the water's edge. A gust of wind blew in my direction, and I smiled, jumping from Boxer and settling on the low-cut bushes.

"Wow, I haven't been here in a while," I said as I stared at the

rushing waters surrounded by the green vegetation.

Alan moved to tie his horse on a post by the river edge, and I did the same.

“I ride the horses out here sometimes, allow them to drink and then head back in.”

“I’m still amazed how you managed to tame that one,” I said, looking at the horse Alan began to pat.

“It took some hard work, but I managed.”

I smiled. Alan moved towards the river and washed his hands and then raked his fingers through his hair. I bit my lips while I watched with blooming desire spreading through me. I looked around the empty land, knowing there was no one here but us and the horses.

An idea came to mind – well, I’ve had a lot of ideas ever since I lost my virginity a week ago. There was so many things I wanted to experience with Alan, and we weren’t even halfway down the list.

I moved towards him and reached for his hand from behind. He turned to face me, his gaze instantly moving towards my lips. His was always inviting, full – always soft whenever we kissed.

I leaned in and pressed my lips to his. Alan pulled me into him, my body brushing against his and deepened the kiss. I moaned against his mouth as our tongues caressed each other. Desire fueled inside me, and I began unbuckling his pants, desperate to feel him.

We broke the kiss, the smell of fresh, green grass in the air as we kept on staring into each other eyes never looking away. We hurried to get each other’s clothes off, and I giggled, and he smiled. Once our bottom half was bare, he lunged towards me and kissed me again. I moaned against his lips, losing my balance. I tumbled to the ground laughing, grass tickling my ass, and a light scent of dried leaves now mixed in with the scent of the grass. Alan moved above me, stared right into my eyes and kissed me hard. I parted my legs, closing my eyes when I felt the tip of his firm cock against my wetness. In the next second, he slid inside me, and I sighed in relief, my walls welcoming him with a gentle tug.

Alan kissed me roughly, biting on my lips before he tore his mouth away. He eased up just a little and then he started to slam inside me, both of his hands planted on the ground as he moved. I moaned, ignoring the slight itch of grass against my skin and instead focusing on the pleasure that coursed through my body. It was wild and rough, and I loved every minute of it.

“Damn!” He hissed between his teeth and then buried his face

in my neck. I shifted my head a little, allowing him access to kiss my neck. I was burning up, my heart thudding while my arousal heightened.

Alan sunk deeper, and I gasped, immediately reaching up to push against his hip. He slowed only for a moment before he started to thrust deep and hard inside me.

“I don’t think I’ll ever get tired of this!” He exclaimed, still penetrating deep.

My walls began to clench around his thickness, and my moans became more constant. Alan groped my breast, holding it firmly in his hands. His thrusts became sharper as he pulled back before plunging into me over and over again. My ass shifted on the ground, and I was sure that at the end of this, my skin would bruise. But, for the moment, none of that mattered. I was just focused on the pleasure my body received – how good it felt to have him inside me.

I sucked in a breath when Alan swelled inside me, his thrusts quicker and more chaotic as he bucked deep and grunted loudly. I clung to him, moaning deeply and gasped when I felt the warmth of his cum fill my insides.

As he continued to buck and pump cum inside me, my own orgasm came soaring in. My walls gripped him tightly, tiny spasms shooting through my body. I whimpered, my body writhing and trembling as I came on his pulsating cock.

Alan muttered something under his breath before he pulled out. I watched him behind fluttering eyelids as he reached for his cock with shaky hands and tugged on it, squeezing the rest of his seed from his tip. He lowered himself to me yet again, hands shaking, face flushed and entered me.

My body quivered, my overly sensitive flesh aching as he pressed the smooth mushroom-shaped head into me, then sunk the entire length of the shaft in slowly and deeply. He managed a few more thrusts before he started to buck again. A guttural groan escaped his throat, and I cried out his name when I felt more of his warm seed filling me. When he withdrew, he rolled over on the grass now resting on his back while he breathed heavily.

The refreshing smell of the river water was now the strongest smell in the air, the air feeling so thin and clean as I panted a bit out of breath. I stared up at the moving clouds, the twittering birds passing overhead and the sound of streaming water hitting against rocks in the river was so calming and I thought this was nothing short of paradise. This had to be what being on cloud nine felt like.

I turned to look at Alan who was still trying to catch his breath. The gray in his hair looked shinier today and with the warm glow of sun on his skin, he looked Godly. My heart fluttered as I stared at him, and an emotion I'd never felt before rose to my chest. It was all-consuming and almost overwhelming. I had to tear my gaze away before tears pricked my eyes– which was crazy to me.

I swallowed the sudden lump in my throat and cleared it. I didn't want to point out the elephant in the room, but it had been a week of wonderful sex – just sex. And though we had agreed that that was how it would be with no strings, I couldn't help but yearn for more of him.

There was this desire to know Alan for more than just his body. I wanted to know his favorite color, the high school he went to, the plans he had for the future – I wanted to know everything. But Alan had been so stern on what this was that I couldn't risk it. At the end of the day, the sex was great, and it was what we both agreed on. I didn't want that to stop. I just wanted…more.

"What's on your mind, Kat?" He asked, almost startling me.

It made me wonder if I should be honest or if I should lie.

I turned to him, and my eyes met his chilling blue gaze. "I'm just thinking that I've just had the most amazing sex, and I barely know you."

His forehead immediately wrinkled with a frown. "You know me."

"I know the basic info, but I want to know the real *you."* I clarified.

Alan swallowed before he got up from the ground and reached for his pants.

"You know all you need to know, Kat. We both agreed this'd be just sex – no strings."

"It is!" I exclaimed as I got up too.

"You're prying, which means you're interested in more than just sex. This was one of the reasons I tried to stay away from the very start. Virgins always tend to get attached."

I shrieked at his words and his sudden change in attitude. "I'm not attached! Excuse me for wanting to know just a bit more about the man I've been fucking every day since I got here."

He paused to look at me, his jaw ticking. "I already told you; you know all you need to know."

I scoffed. “Fine.” There was an urge to cry, but there was no way I’d allow that now. I couldn’t give Alan that power. He was right, I realized. I was getting attached, which wasn’t what we signed up for. He clearly didn’t want this to be more than what it was, and I knew if we continued, I’d be the one who’d end up getting hurt.

After I was done putting on my clothes, I pulled in a breath in an effort to compose myself.

“I think we should end this,” I said, happy with the way my voice sounded.

He blew out a sigh. “Don’t do this.”

“I just did. I can’t do this anymore.”

He stood there looking at me, and then he slowly nodded. “If that’s what you want, sure.” He moved towards his horse and untied him before mounting him.

My heart dropped a little at how dismissive he was, but what did I even expect?

Without saying another word, I untied Boxer, mounted him and rode off towards the house. Alan followed behind but being so desperate to get home, I made Boxer gallop home.

When I arrived at the stables, there was a heavy feeling in my chest that made me want to bawl my eyes out. This wasn’t how I wanted this to end, but I’d been so caught up in the pleasure that I hadn’t realized I’d get hurt in the long run. Now look at me.

“Katrina,” Alan said after we placed the horses back in the stables.

I glanced at him for politeness's sake and raised a brow.

“You don’t want to know me. I’m damaged goods.”

My heart broke hearing him talk about himself like that.

“Maybe that’s up to me to decide.”

He shook his head. “I’m sorry.”

Chapter 9

Katrina

I'd expected it to be like the movies where we'd have an argument, and then he'd swoop in with a grand gesture for us to mend things. That didn't happen.

I guess it was just the sex for Alan like he'd said, but it had been almost a week since we broke things off, and he didn't make an effort to even talk to me. Most mornings, he'd ride off on his motorcycle or his van, and he didn't come back until it was extremely late in the night. It was almost like he was avoiding me.

It hurt, but I was grateful it ended before I was too far gone. Too in love to turn back.

It was a Saturday evening, and Gran and I decided to attend a karaoke in town. It had started snowing a couple of days ago, and everyone in town was excited for the upcoming holiday, as well as the change in weather.

I grabbed my coat from the closet and a beanie since it was getting colder by the day. I met Gran in the living room, and she flashed me a smile while tying her scarf around her neck.

"Ready?" She asked.

"Just about."

We grabbed our keys and went out. Snow had started to build up in the driveway, but it was early November, so it wasn't bad as yet. I glanced towards the barn and realized Alan's van wasn't there, but his motorcycle was. As much as I hated to admit it, I missed him. I missed his scent, the sound of his chuckle, his icy blue eyes, and most of all, I missed having his skin on me – him inside me.

I cleared my throat and hopped inside the car with Gran who decided to be a passenger princess today. I drove us to the small diner in town and raised a brow when I saw the cars parked out front.

"Tonight seems like a packed night," she said, noticing the same thing I did.

"Yeah, seems like half the town is here," I said as I stepped out.

Gran led the way with me behind. Once we entered, I knew the prying eyes were a must, but since I'd been back for a few weeks now, I didn't expect it to be this much. Almost all the tables were occupied,

most seemingly more interested in me than the teen girl singing on the small stage.

"Ah, there's an empty table in the corner," Gran said, pointing to the spot in the far corner.

"Perfect," I said, loving that it was closer to the back and to the window.

We went there and took a seat. I took off my coat and rested it in my lap, eyeing the waitress that came our way.

"What can I get for you two ladies tonight?" She asked as she stopped at our table with her small notepad and pen.

"I'll just have an iced tea and a serving of fries, please."

"I'll have the maple Harbor Special and a large coke, sweetheart."

The young girl smiled. "Coming right up."

I blew out a sigh and geared my eyes to the front where the teen girl was singing an off-key version to a Katy Perry song. I smiled at the enthusiasm from the crowd, which cheered her on.

It was Maple Harbor tradition to have karaoke at this very spot every Saturday. Ever since I was a girl, people from town would gather around and sing. My mom always liked to go up – my dad was her biggest fan. I always fantasized having someone who was a great man like my father. Mom was always happy – he made her happy. And despite the small fights they had in between, they always came back stronger at the end of it.

I longed for that, and the only person I could think of who could come close was Alan. It was easy to love a guy like that when he was already entirely skilled in one area. Plus, despite his beliefs, I didn't think he was damaged goods. He just needed a listening ear. One I was willing to give if he let me.

But I couldn't force it. I couldn't make him tell me things he didn't want to. It'd have to come naturally. I hated that it was like this, but what choice did I have?

"Seems like Alan's found himself a woman." Gran's voice pulled me from my thoughts, her words causing my heart to do a double flip in my chest.

"Huh?" I frowned.

She raised a brow and looked behind me. I was scared to look but wanted to see what she was talking about.

My pulse raced when I saw him taking a seat with a blonde who looked to be just a couple years older than me. She was slim and tall and had eyes as blue as Alan's. She was smiling at him as they got comfortable in their little booth, and he was so engrossed in her that he didn't even notice I was staring right at him.

My heart broke a little as I watched. It'd only been a week, but by the looks of it, he'd clearly moved on. There was a heaviness in my chest, and a burning in my throat as I watched them.

When Alan looked my way, I almost gasped but swiveled my head around so fast, I almost suffered from a whiplash.

I cleared my throat as I looked at Gran. "Seems so."

"Good for him. I think he deserves a good woman, and she's just stunning, isn't she?"

I cleared my throat, hating to admit it. "She is."

The waitress came with our food, and I was just happy with the distraction. I didn't want Gran to rant about Alan's new woman for the entire time. A woman the complete opposite of me. I was a plus sized brunette, and she looked like Barbie.

"Are you okay, sweetheart?" She asked.

I quickly nodded. "Yeah, great." I smiled, shifting my attention to my food.

"This looks so good!" Gran said, beaming at her food.

"It does," I said, glancing at her burger.

Gran went on about the karaoke and how good the food tasted while I couldn't help but think about the people behind me. I heard her laugh at times, the faint sound of Alan's voice, and it became more difficult with each passing second.

I leaned forward, bringing my attention to the stage and the people around me. Yet none of it helped the ache I felt knowing Alan was behind me with someone else.

The time seemed to be at a standstill as I sat there. People went up to sing, and I was done with my meal, just sitting there waiting for Gran to tell me she was ready. She was so caught up in the singing that I knew that wouldn't be anytime soon.

A little later, Alan and the woman got up from their chairs and walked out of the diner. All eyes were on them as they left, which was pretty understandable considering they were both stunningly beautiful.

A motorcycle rumbled outside minutes later, and I knew it was Alan leaving.

I couldn't believe I'd allowed this to affect me in this way, but I didn't have much control over my heart as much as I did my head.

It all became clear. It was over.

Chapter 10

Katrina

It was almost December, and Maple Harbor was freezing cold. I was happy I worked remotely, so I didn't have to get out in the cold every day. As for Gran, she was just happy to cuddle with her cats and bake all day long.

"News says a snowstorm should hit us tomorrow. It's gonna be bad," she said.

"Really? I frowned.

"Yeah, I was thinking of inviting Alan over when it hits. I don't think the cabin is equipped enough for a snowstorm."

My gaze snapped towards her. "What?"

"Kat, come on. That cold is nothing to play with!" She scolded. "Despite your concerns about Alan, he deserves someplace warm and safe."

I suddenly felt guilty for the way I reacted. She was right, but she knew nothing about what had gone on with me and Alan, which now made things very complicated.

Him staying at the barn was one thing, but to be in the same space as him was something else altogether. I didn't know how I'd deal with constantly seeing his face and being around him. I was doing good. I was learning to get him out of my head and move on. This would all just take me right back to square one.

I cleared my throat. "You're right; I'm sorry."

Gran smiled. "Great, I'll tell him tonight."

I stood to get some water, but a sudden wave of nausea had me pausing in my tracks. I blinked a few times, firmly gripping onto the chair before I walked to the refrigerator.

"Are you okay, Kat?" Gran asked.

I nodded. "Yeah, I think I just need to take my vitamins more often," she smiled.

"Oh, you should."

Gran and I chatted for a while before I went upstairs to finish up some work. I glanced over to the barn, which was a slight blur with the light snowfall.

I sighed heavily, pondering what would happen once Alan came over. Quite frankly, I didn't know how I'd react. I had to talk to him since Gran would be present, but I just didn't know how good I'd be at a conversation with Alan. We hadn't said a word to each other in weeks.

"Shit," I whispered under my breath.

**

The snow started early the following morning, with the weather predicted to last more than twenty-four hours. Alan hadn't come by as yet, but Gran had said he'd agreed to stop by.

The silly thing was, part of me wanted him here, to see him again after so long of just glimpsing him around the barn. I wanted to smell his familiar scent and bask in it like I always did. I wanted it all, even though I knew it couldn't be more than that.

It was around midday when I heard a knock at the door that caused my pulse to skyrocket. I heard footsteps, and then I heard Gran's enthusiastic greeting followed by Alan's soft chuckle. I stood at my door, listening to the muffled interaction and glancing across the room he'd occupied. It was an old guest room down the end of the hall.

Gran had spent most of yesterday getting it ready for him just in case he'd said yes. There was always a doubt he would, considering he was in a relationship and could have decided to stay there.

I sighed lightly, deciding to go downstairs to greet him. It was either that or Gran knocking on my door several minutes later to do so. I paused on my way down the stairs when I saw him at the door. He had a little bag he'd slung over his shoulder. He towered over Gran, looking even bigger than last I remembered.

When he turned to look at me, my heart skipped a beat, and I swallowed the gasp that rose to my throat. Our gazes locked, and it felt like eons passed by with us just staring at each other, a silent communication that only us understood.

"Ahh, great. Kat, you can show Alan to the guest room. I'll go and prepare some hot chocolate," she said, leaving before I had time to process.

I glanced at Alan again, my pulse racing even more now that we were alone.

"Hi," he said, his lips curling softly.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and turned to head back upstairs. “Follow me.”

I led the way but could feel Alan’s gaze boring into my back as I walked. His footsteps were heavy, and I could smell his woodsy scent, which surrounded me like a cloak.

I paused at the door to the guest room and allowed him to pass me. “This is it. The blankets and towels are in the closet. You should be fine.”

“Thank you for agreeing to let me crash here,” he said.

“Yeah.” I managed a stiff smile before I turned to leave.

“Kat,” he said, and I paused for a second, thinking about how long I hadn’t heard him call my name. I turned to look at him, my forehead wrinkled in curiosity.

“Yes?”

His lips parted to talk, but then he shook his head. “Never mind.”

“Okay,” I said before I left to head downstairs.

Gran was beaming when I joined her in the kitchen. She had mugs laid out, almost ready to serve her hot chocolate.

“Managed to get Alan settled?” She asked.

“Yeah, he should be fine,” I said as I slid around the counter.

“I’m glad he’s here with us. The more company the better.”

I smiled. “Well, I don’t know how much company I’ll be since I’ll be curled up in bed most of the time.”

Gran chuckled. “I can’t say I won’t do the same, but it’s always good having a man around the house,” she said.

“I guess so,” I mumbled.

“You still aren’t sure about him, are you?”

I pulled in a breath. “I no longer have a problem Gran,” I answered honestly. “He’s proved he deserves to stay here.”

She smiled brightly. “Good, I’m glad you see that.”

She handed me a cup then, and I thanked her as I took it. I was a sip in when I heard footsteps behind me. I already knew it was Alan, and as always, my heart raced.

“You’re just in time!” Gran exclaimed. “Your hot chocolate is ready,” she said.

I tried my best not to look at Alan, but he was right beside me. “Thank you, ma’am.”

Gran fanned him off playfully, her cheeks rosy. “Please, I won’t tell you again to call me Alice.”

Alan nodded. “Noted.”

He took a sip of his hot chocolate before Gran placed a plate with oatmeal cookies in front of him.

“These are Kat’s favorite,” she pointed out, and I blushed silently.

“They are?”

“Sure is. She’s been going crazy over them ever since she was a baby and able to eat solids.”

I rubbed at the nape of my neck while Gran laughed. I was barely able to concentrate on anything other than Alan being beside me. It was almost overwhelming in a sense and awkward with Gran there. She didn’t know what went down between us, but Alan and I knew – my body knew.

I cleared my throat, not knowing how much of it I could take. “I’m gonna head up. I’m kinda tired.”

“Oh, honey, are you sure? I was thinking we could play a few rounds of cards.”

I felt guilty for leaving Gran, but I didn’t have much experience in being around men I broke things off with. This one, in particular, took my virginity.

“Yeah, maybe tomorrow?”

She made a sad face, which made me feel more awful.

“I’ll be happy to pitch in, Alice,” Alan said, offering a smile. That was all Gran needed to hear because she was back on a hundred really quickly.

“Wonderful!”

I offered a smile, grabbed my mug and a plate with some cookies and headed up. I’d never thought about how complicated sex made things until now. If it didn’t happen, I’d be more than comfortable with playing cards with Gran in Alan’s presence. But here I was because I’d slept with the guy and developed some sort of feelings I didn’t want to admit.

I didn’t want to be the newly deflowered virgin who got attached and obsessed with her lover, but here I freaking was. And

while ‘obsessed’ was stretching it a little, it almost felt like it at this point. The man was on my mind even when he shouldn’t be, when he wasn’t around. I just couldn’t stop thinking about him, how we started and where we were now.

I knew what I was getting myself into going in, and I had done it all regardless. Now, I was the only one experiencing the shitty end of the stick while Alan had clearly moved on.

I wanted to say I wish nothing happened between us, but that would be my biggest lie. During the short while we were together, I’d never felt that happy or … free. It was like the world was my oyster, and I could do anything. I’d had sleepless nights thinking about those moments, not regretting it but wondering what would have happened if I just allowed everything to flow freely instead of ending it.

It felt like heartbreak would be definite, but at least I’d be prepared for it right? At least I’d be with Alan for a bit longer.

“Oh shit!” I mumbled to myself, knowing that wasn’t the direction I wanted my thoughts to go.

I was smart to end things before they escalated into greater pain. The sex was great but was it worth selling myself short just for the sake of it?

At the end of the day, I wanted to be with someone who could be open and honest with me – someone who could tell me their darkest secrets and not be afraid. I wanted the vulnerability. I wanted to know him. Was that too much to ask for?

Chapter 11

Katrina

The wind whistled and howled outside, and snow piled up on my windowsill. I'd only left my room to take a shower – my excuse being I wasn't feeling so well. Not that it was a complete lie. I'd been feeling unlike myself for the past few days, and it wasn't entirely because of the man downstairs.

It was some minutes after eight, the night was dark, and I could hear faint noises coming from downstairs. I knew Alan and Gran were probably playing more cards as there wasn't even much to do during a snowstorm.

I decided to use the bathroom and then came back and curled up in bed. The more I tried not to think about Alan the better it was for me. It was over, and I just had to accept that – even if he was downstairs with Gran acting like nothing happened.

As the wind blew outside, my eyes began to flutter but burst open when a faint knock came at my door. My heart leapt, but when the door creaked open, and Gran popped around the corner, my heartbeat quickly returned to normal.

"Hey, sweetheart. May I come in?" She asked.

"Yeah," I softly said, turning on the light on my nightstand and easing up in the bed.

She came closer and sat on the edge, a pleasant expression on her aging face.

"Is everything alright with you?" She asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine Gran," I was quick to reassure.

"Great, the last thing I wanted was for you to feel uncomfortable in your own home – with Alan being here I mean."

"No, of course not," I said. "I'm okay with him being here, Gran."

"Ok, good. I know you still have some reservations but he's a really good guy, Kat, and I know you might not see it, but I can. The poor guy just needs healing."

"What do you think he needs healing from?"

She pulled in a breath. "That's the problem; I don't know."

I sighed softly. “Well, I hope he gets that.”

She nodded, reaching to rub my leg. “Me, too.” She cleared her throat and bounded from the bed. “Anyway, I’m heading to bed. I’m not getting any younger, so I need my beauty sleep,” she chuckled.

I chuckled, too. “Goodnight, Gran.”

“Goodnight, love. Sweet dreams.”

I smiled as I watch her leave. Her words had me pondering moments later. I couldn’t help but wonder what it was that Alan needed healing from. Maybe it was from being in the army? It was a known fact that soldiers suffered from PTSD and often needed counseling at some point or another. He told me he was damaged, and that was it. He’d made that clear, but how was I supposed to help when he didn’t even want to talk to me? He was secretive and seemed like the type who didn’t let people in. I couldn’t do anything if I didn’t at least know something.

Plus, he’d moved on. He looked happy despite the coldness still in his eyes. The blonde I saw him with was probably better at ‘healing’ him. I knew I definitely wasn’t.

“Fuck!” I muttered to myself. Hoping for one night. Just one night of thoughts that didn’t include Alan. Heck, I didn’t want to think about him every night before I fell asleep for the rest of my life. But it had been weeks, and that was what happened every single time.

I squeezed my eyes shut and flung the covers over my head. I tried to sleep and was there for about an hour, but it was hard with Alan being in the next room.

A soft knock came at the door, and I frowned just a little, wondering why Gran wasn’t asleep and what else she needed to say. Maybe she couldn’t sleep? Maybe she wanted to stay up and talk for a bit longer.

“Come in,” I called, still curled up in bed. I clicked on the lights once again and waited for her to make an entry. There was some hesitance as the door slowly open.

When Alan stepped through, I gasped, frozen on the bed, blinking a few times and wondering if I were dreaming maybe?

“Katrina?” He said my name, and I knew it wasn’t a dream. This was real. This was happening.

I finally moved. I eased up from the bed, holding the covers close. I frowned. “Wha– what are you doing here?”

“I couldn’t sleep. I had to see you,” he said as he came closer

towards me.

My heart immediately began to swell in my chest, hearing him say the words.

"Why?" My voice broke.

The soft glow of light was on his face. He visibly swallowed; his eyes slightly glossy — soft.

"I missed you," he said. "I didn't want to drive myself mad thinking about you and not being able to touch you."

My throat constricted. I felt like lurching into his arms, pressing myself to a body I hadn't felt in weeks. I wanted to kiss him so badly, but then I remembered something.

None of this meant anything. He had a girlfriend now. He'd moved on. And all of a sudden, the joy that had been so momentary turned to sadness and hurt.

"You moved on. You shouldn't be saying these things to me," I pointed out.

He frowned. "What?"

I was starting to get pissed. "Alan, I saw you in that diner with that woman – or did you forget?"

He seemed confused for a second and then his eyes slightly widened. "Wait, you thought I was on a date?"

"Weren't you?"

He shook his head, snorting a short laugh. "Katrina, that was my sister."

The tension I felt fell flat to the floor. "What?"

"My sister was in town for a day; we stopped at the diner that night, and she left the following morning."

My eyes searched the blankets as I tried to make sense of this. His sister? Why didn't I think of that? Why did I have to jump to conclusions? All those nights of hurting, thinking he was able to move on in the blink of an eyes while I suffered from missing him so much. The telltale signs were right there! The blonde hair, the blue eyes … they were both so tall and attractive–

"Fuck," I softly muttered under my breath.

He sat on the bed. "Do you really think I could've been able to move on from you? The last few weeks have been torture for me! I had to do everything in my power not to burst into this house and

claim you as mine." He reached for my hand and a single touch had the memories crashing back – arousal flooding my body.

"There's not a day that goes by where I don't think about you – touching you. Being here only made it worse. I could smell you all over, and you were in perfect reach. I had to." He cupped my face into his hands, his gaze holding mine. For some reason, his eyes didn't look at cold as before. It was like the iciness had thawed to some degree and made me see Alan in a better light.

"I missed you, too," I confessed with tears pricking my eyes. "So, so much."

He crashed his lips to mine, and I moaned, my eyes closing when I felt the softness of his lips again. For a time, I thought it would never happen, but here we were. Desire consumed my body in a matter of seconds, liquid heat rushing between my legs and damping my panties. That hunger I hadn't had the chance to satiate returned with full force. All those weeks of craving Alan's touch, wishing for his kisses, crashed into me like a tsunami. I was ravenous, my lips were hungry and demanding as they caressed his. He still had those sweet soft lips that could make me melt in a second.

The longer we kissed, the more I wanted more. His hands began to travel down my body, removing the sheets that I still had wrapped around me. When I thought about his cock asleep in his pants, I wanted to touch it so badly.

I bounded from the bed and flung the cover from me. Luckily for me, tonight Alan was only in sweatpants, which meant I didn't have to struggle with getting him loose.

While we kissed, I slipped my hands below his pants and moaned when I realized he wasn't wearing any boxers. It was just my fingers against his warm skin, and as I probed more, I felt his stiff erection throbbing softly. He was so hard already, it was unbelievable. Hard for me.

I broke the kiss and went on my knees in front of him. He eased his body up and peeled the pants from his hips, allowing me to pull them from his toned legs.

His cock sprung free, pulsing softly. My mouth watered, and I swallowed as I reached for his string member. I stroked it into my hands, missing the feeling, the sight of its beauty. It was lined with veins, strong and hard, sporting a bulbous head that was soft to the touch.

"Kat," Alan muttered, and I looked up at him. The lust was evident in his eyes, and I knew what he wanted me to do. I wanted to

do the same thing.

I lowered my head and licked the tip. Alan grunted, muttering something indecipherable under his breath, but I knew he enjoyed it. I did it again, getting a similar reaction from him. I'd never done this before, but there was so much I wanted to do. This was just ticking from the list.

I licked his tip. He tasted like rainwater, and I wanted my fill. After coating him with my saliva, I decided to stroke him in my hands. My fingers could barely fit around him, but it did. I held him firmly and began to stroke him back and forth. Alan watched me intently as I did so, the hunger clear in his eyes.

I covered his head with my mouth, loving the way he filled the corners of my lips as I slid my mouth down on him. More of my saliva trickled from my mouth as I began to bob my head on him, opening my mouth as wide as I could so I didn't bruise him with my teeth.

"That's it, baby girl," he said. I looked up at him. He craned his neck, sucked a breath through his teeth and muttered another curse as I went faster. I pulled off, twisted his engorged erection in my hands once again before I started to suck him. Wetness from my mouth trickled down his cock, but I licked him off clean and went again. My core tightened with my every moment. I hadn't expected this to get me so aroused, but I couldn't wait for the same cock to be inside me.

Alan ran his fingers through my hair, moaning softly and applying a little pressure as he sent me further down on him. I moaned, trying my best to remember what I had researched when I'd gotten my first share of Alan and was so enthusiastic about sex that I'd wanted to know everything.

I went down on him, so deep my nose pressed against his groin area and my throat swelled with a bulging imprint of his thick cock being so deep down my throat. My eyes watered, and as soon as I felt him beyond the back of my throat, there was a desire to gag. I quickly pulled back, coughing while my saliva dripped down his rod.

"Perfect," he said, looking down on me and caressing my cheeks. "I want you on top of me right now, Kat."

I got up and pulled off my PJs, watching as Alan quickly peeled off his shirt. In a matter of seconds, we were both naked.

He adjusted on the bed, and I climbed up, slinging my thick legs over him and tossing my head back.

He laid on the bed, a pillow behind him and his hands firmly planted on my hips. I reached for his cock, aligning it with my center

and then I lowered my body. My lips slowly parted as his hard, wet cock began to stretch my flesh. My pulse raced as he went deeper and deeper, massaging my walls with his thickness. I didn't stop until he was all the way in, until I was resting on his legs, his length completely buried inside.

I mustered a sigh, moaning with relief as he filled me. I had to take a second before I did anything and bask in the feeling of having him inside me yet again. He was huge, I was stretched to the max, and he pulsed softly inside me. It couldn't get better than this.

Alan grunted loudly, his grip tightening on my flesh. "Gosh, I missed you – missed this feeling of having your tight pussy wrapped around my cock– fuck."

He gently lifted me off him, only to pull me back down. My breath hitched as he did it continuously until I got the rhythm and started to control my own movements. I started to move on him, riding him gently.

Alan reached up to squeeze my tits, firmly holding both in his hands as I rode him. He pinched my nipples, and a bolt of pleasure struck me, causing me to gasp.

"Alan," I called his name, throwing my head back as I began riding him faster.

"Just like that baby; give me all you've got, and I promise to do the same."

His encouraging words, his hands on my skin had me delirious. I couldn't concentrate on anything but pleasuring him and him pleasuring me. I moaned as my walls clung to him.

I fell forward, my hands planted on his chest and started to grind on him. He was still buried deep, hitting sweet spots I didn't even know I had. I was on the brink of exploding, but I hadn't had Alan for weeks. I wanted to last longer.

It was easier said than done. I began to grind against him faster, my clit rubbing against his stubbly crotch. The pleasure rushed towards me, and I went swiftly in order to catch it. Alan slipped his hand around my ass, slipping it between my crack. His finger grazed the spot he was pummeling, and I gasped.

"Come for me baby," he said before slipping his soaked fingers into my ass. The head of his fingers were just in, but it was so unexpected and pleasing that my walls immediately clamped to him. He hooked his finger deeper, and I yelped, my body jolting as I came on him.

“That’s it. Fuck, you feel so good, Kat,” he said while I tried my best not to pass out from the pleasure barreling through me.

I withdrew from him, rolling on my back and glancing at Alan through my droopy gaze. He hadn’t come, so I knew he wasn’t done with me as yet. He got up from the bed, tugged his cock in his hand a few times and lowered himself between my soaked legs. He parted my thick thighs, looked up at me with dangerous blue eyes and licked my folds.

I whimpered from the oversensitivity, my body on full alert as his firm licks set me off. He licked at my soaking seam, going lower and lower until he was lapping at my channel. I whimpered, grabbing onto my breasts and molding them into my hands while Alan ate me out. His mouth was warm and wet and felt incredible against my needy flesh.

“You taste as good as you feel,” he said, his warm breath against my skin before he continued to suckle on my flesh. My hands slid down my body, and I began to writhe on the bed as pleasure shot through me. Alan flicked his tongue against my clit, and my body jolted, a gasp leaving my lips.

He got up, licked across his succulent lips and looked down at me. His hair fell to his face a little, each ab on his ripped body defined, while his cock still throbbed mightily before him. How did I get so lucky? I asked myself, my thoughts cutting short when he rolled me over on my stomach and pulled me to the edge of the bed.

I looked over my shoulder at him. He was directly behind me while he stared down at my voluptuous body.

“You’re the gift that keeps on giving,” he said as he spread my ass cheeks with his hands, muttering another curse under his breath.

I jutted out my ass a bit more, ready to take him from behind. Alan spanked me on my ass, and I gasped while my core constricted. This was new, but I loved it.

“Do that again,” I said, glancing at him. He met my gaze and obliged. This time, it stung a bit more but there was something thrilling about it that made me want to experience it over and over again.

“You’re a naughty girl huh, Kat,” he said and spanked me again.

I gasped when he entered me almost immediately, my walls clinging to him as his thickness slid inside me. He spanked the other cheek, and I bit my lips. Alan started to thrust back and forth inside me, his pace increasing quickly.

I gripped onto my covers, moaning deeply when he held my tender ass cheeks into his hands and pried them apart. He spanked me another time, and my walls tugged on his raging cock. A bolt of pleasure sluiced through me, and I began to moan consistently.

"You like that, Kat? You like when I spank your ass?" He asked, and I moaned before I nodded.

"Yes, fuck me Alan… hard!" I begged, burying my face in my blankets when he started to do just that. It was all I could do to stop my screams as he crashed into my aching core.

Taking him from the back was different from all the other positions. I hated that I couldn't look him in the eyes while he fucked me, but I loved how even fuller I felt this way. It was almost overwhelming how he felt raging on inside me.

He grabbed my cheeks and squeezed them into his strong hands. I bit into the sheets, whimpering as he went even faster. The sounds of our skin crashing against each other filled the room – the squelching sound of my pussy taking him.

"Alan!" I yelled, clamping my mouth shut when I remembered Gran was still inside the house.

"Fuck Kat, you're mine! I want you to say it!" He exclaimed.

I was on the brink of tears "Yes! I'm yours Alan – only yours!" I choked.

He slammed into me several more times before he paused, bucking unrhythmically. He swelled inside me, and my walls began to constrict around him. Just as I started to come, I felt a spurt of his cum warm my insides. That was enough to have me quaking beneath him. Soon after, he began to pump his seed inside me, and I lay there taking every drop until he slipped out, and my core tightened to seal in every drop.

I breathed heavily, unable to move for a few minutes. The feeling was exhilarating, and I wanted to soak up as much of it as I could. I stayed there until his cum started to trickle down my legs.

"Stay here," he said, placing a kiss on my ass before he walked towards the door. My heart was full as I lay there, too many emotions for me to bear.

Alan shortly returned with a washcloth in hand. He placed it between my thighs, and I almost shivered even though it was warm. He wiped up every drop of his seed, gently wiping at my folds before he placed it to the side.

I turned and smiled at him, my body still humming, my flesh still tingling. Alan took me into his arms as if I weighed nothing and placed me properly on the bed. He slid beside me, pulling up the covers around us.

He allowed me to rest my head against his arm, and I smiled. His warm body was curled up to mine; this was post-sex, and there was a snowstorm outside. It couldn't get any better than this.

I felt fulfilled, completely satisfied that I never wanted the moment to end. I wanted this point in my life to be stuck on repeat, never ending and infinite. A girl could dream, right?

"I missed you so much," I whispered. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't keep the words back. They were as real as they come, and he deserved to hear it.

"I thought about you every single day after I broke things off at the barn."

"There's not a day that went by that I didn't think about you, too," he said.

I smiled against his warm skin. I could smell myself on him, I could smell him, mixing with the scent of incredible sex.

I didn't know if it was our reunion that made my heart so swell, but I was experiencing new things I had never felt before in my life. Alan was the only one who could make me feel things that were out of this world and new in every sense to me.

"Alan," I said softly.

"Yes sweetheart?" He answered.

I swallowed the nerves in my throat and eased my head up to look at him.

"Please allow me to know you," I said, meeting his gaze.

His Adam's apple bobbed as looked down at me. I felt an inkling of hope when he looked at me. For a second, I thought he was about to open up, but then he tore his gaze away and looked blankly into the distance.

"I was in the army for twenty-two years. I joined as soon as I left high school and turned eighteen. It was just always me and my sister, in and out of foster care for most of our lives. I just wanted to take care of her, so I took the fastest route." He was still unable to look at me, just staring out blankly as if he were reliving the moment. I didn't mind. I was happy he was finally talking to me, and I didn't want that to stop by interrupting.

“It was going good, starting to go even better when I found this girl a couple of years back. Being in the army is a lonely place to be, so when I found her, I was excited, I thought she was the one. I was already nearing forty-four and thought the family I pictured for myself as a kid was finally about to happen. We quickly kicked things off, dated for a while until I asked her to marry me.”

He pulled in a breath, and that distant look returned — the type that sent chills down your spine.

“We brought a house in Florida, not far from my sister Jane. My fiancé got pregnant, and I decided to marry her right away before the baby came. I got deployed but already decided that I’d retire once I got back. That was the surprise. I wanted to be there for my family – not risking my life anymore. That was the surprise.”

His eyes became glossy, and he cleared his throat. “I er– I came back without her knowing, intent on surprising her at our home. I found her there with another man. She was still pregnant. I was so overcome with rage I started to beat him. She got frantic, cried her eyes out before she confessed in her fit of rage that the baby was his, not mine.”

“Oh, Alan, I’m so sorry.”

“I didn’t want to believe it. I didn’t, but I did a test as soon as the baby was born. She was right…”

Seeing the hurt in his eyes caused my own soul to ache. That type of betrayal was unimaginable, and it still haunted Alan today. I hated that.

“I immediately filed for the divorce, but I couldn’t stay there even after it got finalized. So, I set out for a fresh start, and that’s how I ended up here.”

“I’m sorry for what you went through, but I’m glad you found me,” I said.

“I don’t want to hurt you, Kat,” he said.

I eased up to look at him. “You’ve done the thing that I’ve wanted from the start. You opened up. You gave me a chance to know the real you, and I couldn’t be more grateful.”

He cleared his throat. “I’ve gotta lot of baggage Kat. You’re young, just about to experience the world, and you deserve the world. I can’t give you the world.”

“I don’t want the world Alan. I want you.”

He said nothing, and my eyes pricked. I was desperate to make

him feel everything I felt. I wanted him to know my heart.

"I love you," I confessed, feeling relieved to finally say it. It felt good too.

Alan stared at me without saying a thing. He still looked hurt, but at least he wasn't running for the door. He piled me up in his arms and held me close. Nothing else was said, but I appreciated how he cloaked me protectively as if he didn't want to lose me.

He didn't say it back, which was understandable. I didn't want him to feel obligated just because I said it. Not that it mattered; I only wanted to let him know how I felt.

I loved him….

Chapter 12

Katrina

I woke up with a smile on my face and reached over to blindly touch the spot Alan had occupied beside me last night. When I realized he wasn't there, I opened my eyes, and it was confirmed. He was gone.

I figured he had gone to his room or went down for breakfast since it was about nine. I yawned, stretched my limbs and made the bed before I went to the bathroom for a shower. I hummed softly while I showered thinking back to last night with Alan and how he had opened up to me. I'd hated what he went through, but he'd been vulnerable, and I was happy he'd been comfortable enough to be vulnerable with me.

For the first time in weeks, I was happy again. It was all because of Alan. He was the reason.

After showering, I went back to my room and got dressed. I glanced at the calendar on my vanity as I pulled on my panties and frowned.

My period was late, and although I'd always had an irregular cycle, this time, it was extra late. A flurry formed in my stomach as the most major consequence struck me.

I could be pregnant.

Alan and I had only used protection once the first time. Weeks had passed.

I pulled in a shaky breath and shook my head. Maybe I was thinking too far ahead. My body was set on a new course, and with my virginity gone, maybe that had derailed things a bit. I just had to wait a little longer.

I sighed and did my hair in a ponytail before I went downstairs. Gran was in the living room, reading a book. She smiled when she saw me.

"You're finally up."

My cheeks heated. "Yeah. Good morning."

"Good morning lovely," she said. "I have French toast and an omelette in the kitchen for you."

I smiled as my gaze wandered around the room. "Where's Alan?"

The smile fell from her face immediately. “Oh, he left.”

My heart raced. “Left where? Isn’t it still snowing outside?”

“Not as badly. He gave me the keys to the cabin, thanked me for my hospitality and said it was time for him to leave.” She shook her head. “Pity. I liked him a lot and know for sure the horses will miss him.”

I heard the words, but the world began to spin around me. Tears filled my eyes, and in an instant, it felt like the oxygen was closed off from my lungs.

I glanced at Gran through blurry eyes, my lips quivering. “He’s really gone?” I choked.

“Wh– Kat are you okay? What’s going on?” She asked as she bounded from the couch and rushed towards me. Her concerned eyes searched my face. I turned and quickly ran towards the door, flinging it open. As tears streamed down my face, the cold stinging my cheeks, I looked over to the barn and realized his van was gone – his motorcycle, too.

I broke a sob, my knees growing weak as I stumbled back inside. Gran was there to collect me, still oblivious to what was going on. I couldn’t share anything with her as yet. I just wanted a shoulder to cry on, so I did.

I sobbed uncontrollably, and Gran was there to collect each drop.

**

Hours later, when I was nestled in bed, my eyes puffy and my heart broken, Gran came with a cup of hot chocolate and a sandwich. She smiled at me as she placed the tray to my nightstand.

“Kat, I still don’t know what’s happening. What went on between you two?” She asked.

I never thought about how I’d tell Gran about Alan and I. We kicked things off and broke things off so quickly in the beginning that the thought didn’t even occur to me. After last night, it would’ve been the perfect time because there was so much promise, but I’d been so caught up with him, I didn’t think about those things.

Yet, I could have imagined a thousand scenarios of how I’d tell my grandmother about the man I love. This wasn’t how I’d expected it to be.

My eyes pricked with tears again, and I sniffed, trying to strengthen my composure to break the news to her. She was concerned – it was obvious. I didn't want her to be.

"I love him," I said. Gran's eyes widened, her gaze searching my face.

"What?"

"I um…" I cleared my throat before I got into telling Gran all about me and Alan's relationship. There wasn't much to the story, but I did my best to express how I felt.

"Oh, honey, I'm so sorry."

"I shouldn't have told him I loved him. It was too much," I croaked.

"Kat, you can't blame yourself for that. What man wouldn't want to hear that someone loves them?" She asked, and it gave me reason to ponder.

"He's just recovering from a heartbreak. It might have been overwhelming," I tried to justify.

Gran shook her head. "Don't cut yourself up over it. He might come back, and if he doesn't, you'll pick yourself up and find someone even better. The world doesn't end after your first heartbreak."

My lips quivered. "It feels like it."

"It'll take some time, but you'll feel better. When you find the right person, you'll forget everything else."

I sighed. "I don't know, Gran."

"I can't believe he wasn't man enough to tell you he was leaving. And to think I actually liked the guy."

I sniffed. "He's hurting."

"And now you're hurting. Do you think I care about anything else?"

"It just sucks, you know."

She rubbed my back gently. "I know, darling, I know."

**

Even after the snowstorm cleared, I still found it hard to believe he was gone. But he'd given Gran his keys, so I knew that was as final as it got. There was a dull ache in my chest whenever I thought about

it. I didn't want to think about it too much but didn't have much of a choice being in this house.

On a Friday when Gran left to meet her friend, I finished up with work and decided to head out for a short walk. It was still cold outside, so I pulled on jacket and boots and went downstairs.

I was about to grab the keys from the key hanger by the door when I saw the keys to the cabin where Alan had stayed.

My throat tightened, and I bit my lips as I contemplated going over. My fingers lingered above it, my body wanting the opposite of what my brain wanted.

I pulled in a breath and grabbed it from the rack, quickly stepping outside and closing the door behind me. The air was chill and crisp when I stepped out, and I almost considered going back inside.

I walked towards the cabin slowly. Somehow, I expected to see Alan pop up like he always did, or I'd catch a glimpse of his van or his motorcycle. None of that was there, though. Just piled up snow all around.

I paused at the spot where we'd first kissed – not far from the cabin. The memory came back in a rush, and my body flooded with warmth before I felt a chill once again.

"This is stupid," I told myself. I should've been thinking of ways to forget Alan, not cause myself more hurt.

Yet, I couldn't stop myself. I wanted to. So, I opened the door, and as soon as I stepped inside, I smelled him. That fresh woodsy scent that was entirely masculine. I stood at the front and looked around the small cabin, which only had his bed, a small chest of drawers and a small desk and chair to the side. The bed was still neatly spread; everything that could hint of his personality was gone. It was just an empty shell.

I moved towards the bed in the corner and took a seat. I stared down at the pillows where I'd laid my head many nights before rushing back to the house.

Instinctively, I trailed my hand across the sheets and then the pillows. They were soft. I lifted one to my face and took in a deep breath. I closed my eyes once the intoxicating smell of Alan filled my nostrils. It was so familiar yet distant. I lay the pillows on the bed and lay there, curling myself up on the bed and wrapping myself in his scent.

It felt unhealthy – I knew that. But I was in love with the man

even though it felt like I'd suffered a broken heart twice because of him. I'd become the person I'd said I didn't want to become – the one who got clingy and started to need that person so much after losing their virginity to them. But here I was, feeling things I swore I never let myself feel. I never expected to feel this attached or vulnerable, but I had no control over it. I couldn't stop myself from feeling or loving Alan after what he did. I wanted to call him, I wanted to hear his voice, but he left without saying a word; why should I be the one to reach out? It was obvious Alan was done with me. I couldn't force him to be with me. No way.

I stayed there for a few minutes before I decided it was time to head back – forcing myself not to cry. A wave of nausea hit me as soon as I stood, and I paused for a second, holding onto the poor post and allowing it to pass.

My heart lurched when I thought back to my earlier suspicions. My period was still late, which could mean one thing…

I might be pregnant.

Chapter 13

Alan

3 weeks later

I pulled in a deep breath, leaning against the porch rails with my phone in hand. On the screen was a photo of Katrina I'd taken when I was at their home. I'd done it secretly when no one was watching because I wanted to look at her in times like these when I missed her. Plus, she was beautiful – the type you had to stare at and somehow wonder how such beauty existed.

I'd never seen her in makeup a day since I met her, yet she stunned me every time I looked at her. She had the friendliest brown eyes that made you want to lose yourself in. She had matching color hair, which was like waves of silk flowing down her back. In this picture, she was smiling so hard, her eyes almost seemed shut. Her pearly white teeth were on display, and she wore just a little bit of lip gloss to emphasize her juicy lips.

Every inch of her was perfection, which made me know from day one that it would be a mistake to get with a woman like her. I'd fought against every bit of attraction I felt for her because I knew what it would lead to. And still, I couldn't stay away, no matter how much I tried.

She'd wanted me as much as I wanted her. and there was no way I could resist her thick thighs and curvy figure even if I wanted to. Each time I'd lain with her, I scolded myself because I knew I'd end up hurting her in the end. It wasn't what I wanted, but it was like the turning of tides – unstoppable and steady, pulling everything towards an outcome I couldn't alter.

I hated myself for it. Katrina was the epitome of innocence and purity and deserved a life carved from gold. She didn't deserve a man like me who was so done with life I didn't care what happened next.

I'd weaved her in, going back each time when I knew I should stay away. It was wrong, but Katrina was like that spark of fire in my dark night, the silver lining you saw right after a horrible storm. I'd felt like there was hope for me after all whenever she was close. It was more than the sex, but I'd felt a connection to her that I'd never felt before.

And that was what scared me. I didn't want to feel things again,

only to be disappointed again. I didn't want the feeling of having my heart ripped out my chest, then crushed beneath someone's heel. I couldn't bear that again.

I'd tried my best to avoid all of that – no strings, I'd said. Only, this time it didn't go as planned. I barely knew anything about Katrina apart from the stories her grandma told me, yet I'd felt more than just attraction towards her. I liked her … a lot. That was the problem.

"Hey," I heard a voice behind me and immediately locked my screen.

My sister Jane came up behind me, a smile on her face.

"Hey," I said.

"Everything okay?"

I couldn't help but smile. "You know you don't have to ask me that every hour of the day."

"I just want to make sure you're comfortable here."

I turned to her. "I am. I appreciate you and Dan taking me in. I promise I'll be out of your hair soon."

Jane shoulders slumped. "Come on Al, you know you're welcome to stay here for however long you wish. Dan doesn't have a problem, and the kids love having their uncle back."

I swallowed. "I'll have to leave soon, Jane."

"And go where? Michigan obviously didn't work out."

I rubbed the nape of my neck.

"Al, I'm worried okay. You seem even more hurt now than the last time you left. What's going on? Talk to me." Jane's face was etched with concern, she was almost on the brink of tears, and I hated to see it. It was because of me.

"Is it about Helen?" She asked, referring to my ex-wife.

I cleared my throat and turned to face the front yard yet again. "It's not about Helen," I said.

"Then tell me!" She exclaimed shakily. "I miss the times where we could tell each other everything. Apart from Dan and the kids, you're the only family I've got, Al!"

I sighed heavily, noting the hurt in her voice. Jane was right. She'd been my best friend for all my life. For the longest time, all we had was each other.

"Is it about the girl from the diner? The one who's

grandmother's cabin you were staying at?" She asked, and my body stiffened. "I noticed the way you were looking at her back at the diner. She seemed like your type."

I cleared my throat when my thoughts brought me back to Kat.

"What did she do? Did she hurt you?" She asked.

I shook my head after a second. "I'm afraid it's the opposite this time around."

"Al…"

I turned to her, meeting her curious blue gaze. "She told me she loved me," I confessed.

Jane's features eased. "So, you ran," she stated softly.

"I had to," I stated.

"Al, love is not a bad thing."

"I know that, Jane," I said before taking a seat. "The last thing that girl needs is someone as fucked up as me."

Jane hissed. "You aren't fucked up, and I think that should've been her choice."

"Trust me, I'm doing her a favor."

"Are you?" She snapped. "Or are you depriving both of you of something real and special?"

"She's better off without me," I mumbled.

"Alan, listen, what happened between you and Helen was horrible, and I hate that you had to go through that, but maybe all of that was preparing you for the true love of your life, which might be this girl. You love her, too, don't you?"

My heart beat faster as soon as the last few words left Jane's lips.

"You know what, don't even answer that. You don't have to tell me, but the least you can do is be honest with yourself." With that, she rubbed me gently on the back and got up to head back inside.

Her question haunted me, but not for long. I'd never asked myself that question, but now that it lingered in the air, I couldn't help but admit…

I loved Katrina, too.

**

The following weekend, I went to the store to get some groceries since Jane and the kids liked movie nights, and me and Dan always watched the game on Sundays.

Plus, I always enjoyed getting out of the house for a bit to clear my head and figure out my next move. Like Jane said, her family enjoyed my company. My nieces thought I was the cool uncle, and Dan liked that he wasn't the only guy in the house.

I liked being there, surrounded by the only family I had, but it sometimes brought back the bitter reminder of the family I could have if it weren't for my ex-wife's betrayal. Now, I was close to being a middle-aged man and didn't know if that was in the cards for me anymore.

I loved Katrina, but I didn't know if I could go back.

I sighed deeply and began to browse the isle for what I wanted. I took up a 6-pack for me and Dan, some snacks for Jane and the girls, and then I headed towards the cashier.

I paused in my tracks when my eyes caught onto a familiar face – faces. They were some distance ahead but near enough for me to tell who it was. It was Helen and the guy I'd caught her in our bedroom with. They were also with the kid I thought was mine for almost nine months. He was a year now – able to sit up in one of the grocery carts they pushed around. They seemed like a happy family. The baby was laughing, and the parents laughed just seeing him do so.

As I stood there watching, I'd expected to feel a plethora of emotions crash into me – anger being the most dominant. But I didn't feel a damn thing, and it wasn't because I was numb to pain. I wasn't. I just no longer cared.

For months after Helen's betrayal, I'd felt so consumed with anger and hurt that it was unbearable at times. I left Florida for many reasons, but one of the main reasons were that I didn't want to ever see her again. I'd allowed myself to feel so much hatred that I didn't know how fairly I'd react if I ever saw her again.

This was the first time I was seeing her in months, and I felt nothing. I'd never forget what she did to me, but I suddenly realized I didn't have to hate her for the rest of my life. I didn't have to be angry until my last breath.

Katrina came to mind, and my heart swelled with joy. There was an overwhelming rush of emotions that flooded my chest and made me realize I no longer felt weighed down by the past. The woman I thought I'd love forever was right in front of me, and yet I didn't feel a thing. I felt relieved.

Helen finally looked in my direction, her face going as pale as a paper, her eyes widening. The smile fell from her face in an instant. She looked like she'd been sucker punched.

I only gave her a curt nod before I walked to the cashier with a smile on my face.

**

I went back to the house in a better mood than I'd left in. As soon as I opened the door to Jane's house, her kids rushed to meet me at the door.

"Uncle Al!" They both shouted, hugging my legs. I chuckled as I picked them up and carried them into the living room.

"We were just gonna start the movie," the smallest, Haley, said. She was just five and the cutest little thing.

"You're just in time," Jane said, smiling from ear to ear.

I smiled. "Something smells amazing!" I said.

"Dad ordered pizza!" Penelope said.

Dan came towards me after I placed the kids to the floor. "Please tell me you brought back some beer. I just remembered I drank the last one yesterday."

"Of course I did."

"Sweet!" He said, slapping my shoulder.

I chuckled as I went for the bags and then went to unpack them in the kitchen. I went to wash my hands and was on my way back when Jane met me in the hallway. She was smiling, her arms crossed as her gaze searched my face.

"Someone seems to be in a good mood," she said.

I pulled in a breath. "I am."

Her brows perked up. "You are?"

I nodded. "I feel great."

Jane lurched into my arms, taking me by surprise. She hugged me tightly, her head rested against my chest. I kissed her on the top of her head and held her closely, not remembering the last time we shared a hug like this.

"You have no idea how happy that makes me feel." She was a bit teary-eyed when she pulled apart to look up at me. She reached up

to caress my face with her tiny hands.

Shortly after, we went back into the living room where Dan picked ‘Migration’ for the kids to watch. They were already beaming with joy, folded up on the sofa with their snacks and blankets.

“Come on, guys, it’s about to start,” he said, patting the space beside him for his wife to join.

I went to sit in one of the reclining chairs to the side and focused my attention to the screen. I wasn’t a major fan of cartoons or even movies in general, but since I had nothing better to do, I thought I’d indulge them.

As the movie progressed, the laughter increased, the kids moving up to cuddle beside their parents. All their eyes were glued on the screen, eyes sparkling with joy as they watched what was happening on screen.

I glanced at my sister and noticed how happy she was. That wasn’t always the case growing up. It was exhausting being switched around in foster care for most of our lives, especially when it had been a must for us to stick together. We’d often dream about a family like the one Jane had. She’d paint all these pictures in her head and act them out with me. I always had to indulge her because she had no one else.

All I’d wanted in life was for her to be happy – to have the family she always dreamed about. Seeing her now made me grateful that her dreams had become reality.

I once thought I was close to getting a similar experience, but that clearly took a turn. Now, I didn’t know. Whenever I thought about family these past weeks, Katrina came first in line. If I’d ever planned on giving it a shot ever again, I’d want it to be with her – the woman I loved.

But that was water under the bridge ,and as far as I was concerned, Katrina was the one that got away. I still believed she deserved the kind of life no short of perfection.

Anything less would be undeserving.

Chapter 14

Katrina

Christmas was only a few days away, and Gran and I were just now picking out a tree. The weeks had gone by fast, and after Alan left, I'd fallen in an almost depressive state. The Christmas spirit I'd long awaited was gone, and I just didn't know what to do with myself.

Gran wanted to go at my pace, but I knew how much Christmas meant to her and couldn't ruin that for her. Even if I wasn't feeling it, I had to do this for her.

"How about this one?" Gran beamed as she stared at me, smiling.

I stared at the gigantic tree and couldn't help but laugh. "Are you sure?"

"It's a little big isn't it?" She made a face before she burst out laughing.

"A little?" I asked, raising a brow.

"Ahh, it wouldn't even fit through our door," she said, moving on to the next.

I followed behind her until we both paused at a tree that was about 7ft tall. It was lush, and for me, it was the perfect size.

"This is the one," Gran and I said in unison, smiling when we glanced at each other.

"It's perfect isn't it?" She asked and I nodded.

"It is."

We decided that it was the one, and soon we were out of there and headed home with it strapped on top of our car.

I blew out a cloud of mist when we came out of the car. It was still so cold and would likely be like this for the rest of winter.

Gran came out and sighed, staring at the tree on top of the car. "How are we going to get it inside? I wish Alan were here–" She froze as the words left her mouth and looked at me with an appalled look on her face.

Hearing Alan's name brought back so many memories. It was like a trigger that came crashing in. My throat burned with the promise of tears, but I tried my best not to cry. I'd done enough of

that over the past weeks. I had to learn to heal and move on.

"It's okay, Gran," I said, flashing her a smile.

"I'm so sorry, honey."

"Gran, you don't have to feel like you're walking on eggshells around me. I'll be okay."

"Are you sure, honey?" She asked, and I nodded.

She pulled in a breath. "I'll have to call Phil to help out," she said, referring to our distant neighbor.

"Yeah," I said, moving towards the house. I immediately headed towards the kitchen for a bottle of water.

Gran joined me. From the look on her face, I could tell there was something she wanted to say.

"Is everything okay?"

She pulled her gloves off and placed them on the back of the dining chair. "Kat, I know you're hurt, but I think Alan deserves to know about the baby."

I swallowed as I stared at her, the tears welling in my eyes. "He left without a word Gran. I have no idea where he is and have no way of communicating with him."

She folded her lips for a second in thought before her gaze shot to mine. "Wait, I think we exchanged numbers when we got here. It might be in my phone," she said as she dug into her coat pocket.

My breathing escalated as she browsed through her phone in search of Alan's number. "What would I even say to him? He doesn't want me, and I don't even know if he'll want any of this."

"Listen, you told me about what went on in his life before he met you – the baby he thought was his. That man wanted a family, this baby you're carrying might just be his redemption," she argued.

"Or it could trigger him all over again," I inserted firmly.

"Either way, he has a right to know he's about to have a child."

I swallowed the lump in my throat. "I know that, but I also don't want to be hurt by Alan again."

"Despite all that's happened, he's a good guy. He'll take care of this baby; I just know it."

I knew it, too. Alan wasn't the type to run from his responsibilities; just me. I stared at the phone in my hand, and although my body yearned to hear his voice, I just couldn't do it. Not

now.

"I'm sorry, I can't," I said as I rushed upstairs before breaking into tears.

**

I went to my room with tears streaming down my face and flopped down in bed. I closed my eyes tightly, overwhelmed with thoughts. I couldn't call Alan just yet – I still needed to get myself together before I heard his voice again. How could I even tell him that I was pregnant when he probably moved on with his life already? I was still hurt, still trying to recover with each passing day. I wasn't strong enough for that as yet.

I sighed, remembering when I found out I was pregnant.

With my heart in my throat, I picked up the test I'd been waiting for. It felt like the longest five minutes of my life, and I was breaking a sweat just waiting. My hands began to shake when I glanced down at the test, a gasp escaping my mouth when the word 'pregnant' filled the small screen.

I couldn't take my eyes off it, and as I stared, everything came rushing back – everything that happened between me and Alan.

My earlier suspicions were confirmed, and the bittersweet feeling consumed me. I'd always wanted this – the baby, the family. I never thought I'd cry sad tears after seeing such a test. A part of me felt happy that I was finally getting what I wanted, but the circumstances surrounding it made me less excited than I should've been.

Alan was gone. I was alone, and there was a possibility that I'd have to raise this baby on my own. Tears tumbled down my cheeks, my heart ached, and I felt like crying my eyes out.

"Kat–" The door crashed open, and I gasped, turning around so quickly, the test fell from my hands to the floor. Gran was right there, her gaze following the fallen test. Before I had the chance to pick it up, her eyes were already widening as she looked up from it to me.

"What – you're pregnant?" She said softly, hesitating for just a moment before she moved towards me and picked up the pregnancy test from the floor. Even more tears flowed. Although Gran always spoke about wanting a great grandchild, she'd probably be disappointed in me for getting pregnant to a man I barely knew.

"Kat?"

Gran was a blur as the tears pitched from my eyes. I nodded

because there was no point in lying now.

"Yes."

Her mouth fell open, her gaze searching my face. "Is it Alan's?"

My lips quivered at the mention of his name. I nodded, choking up sobs.

"Oh, honey, this isn't a bad thing, okay? A baby is always a blessing, and this one will be for sure. I know you're hurting, but we'll definitely get through this."

"I don't know!" I bawled.

Gran pulled me into her, hugging me tightly. "Hush now. We should be celebrating."

"Gran…"

She withdrew from me to look me right in the eye. "You always talked about having a baby. It's happening. Just because the circumstances aren't what you expected, it doesn't make it any less a reason to celebrate."

I'd spent sleepless nights replaying that day in my head. Gran's last words always resonated with me and brought me back to a place of self-reflection. She was right; this was what I always wanted, and though some things were different than how I pictured, I was still grateful. Yet, I couldn't help but yearn for the perfect picture where the father of my unborn child was present, and we'd be busy making plans about the future.

Right now, I didn't know what my future held. There was a big question mark that I couldn't seem to get past. It was all so new and different, but I knew I had to find a way to work it out.

I was going to have Alan's baby, and that was probably the greatest gift I could ever have in life. He was still the man I loved, the first man I'd been with. If Alan never returned, he'd still be the only man for me. I didn't know how serious he'd been when he called me his, but I was serious when I told him I was his. He'd entered my life and had locked me in.

Despite the sadness and disappointment that I felt towards him, I still loved him. I always would.

**

It was the morning of Christmas, and I woke up with a smile on my face. I didn't know what it was, but I was in such high spirits, and

I loved it!

I went to the bathroom, freshened up, and then I bounded downstairs. Gran was at the bottom of the stairs in her Christmas PJs. She had a huge smile on her face and clapped her hands in joy when she saw me.

"Merry Christmas, Kat!" She exclaimed.

"Merry Christmas, Gran!" I explained as I ran to hug her. I closed my eyes and soaked it all in before my gaze wavered to the Christmas tree sitting there. It was perfect, gifts sitting underneath just for the two of us.

"Ah, the best time of the year. It feels amazing," she said as she walked to the kitchen. "This time next year, we'll have an extra person to our festivities." She smiled and glanced at me. I smiled, too, knowing she was referring to the baby.

Gran handed me a cup of tea. "Are you ready to open presents?"

"Of course," I said as we went to the living room where the tree was.

Gran was the first to pick up a wrapped box from under the tree. She analyzed it for a second before she handed it to me, smiling.

"Ouuu, thank you!" I smiled brightly as I took it and started to open it. I paused when I saw what it was. My eyes immediately pricked with tears as I pulled the small piece of fabric from the box and unfolded it. It was a little baby onesie with the words *Mommy's Perfect Little Dream,* written across it.

My eyes pooled with tears. "Oh, Gran, it's perfect," I croaked, reaching across to hug her. I pulled back and giggled a little when I noticed something.

"You think it's a girl?" I asked, looking at the little, pink onesie.

"It has to be."

I laughed. "Wow, I love the confidence."

She laughed, and I joined in while packing back her gift neatly inside the box. Afterwards, I reached for one of Gran's gifts and handed it to her. She was beaming, a huge smile on her face as she did a little shimmy. My cheeks hurt from smiling so hard, but I always loved seeing Gran happy.

A knock sounded at the door, and Gran and I glanced at each other.

"Are you expecting anyone?" I asked.

She shook her head. “No.”

I pulled in a breath and got up. “I’ll go see who it is. You can unwrap in the meantime,” I said while moving towards the door.

I had no thought in mind when I pulled the door open. My heart lurched, and my body stiffened when I saw Alan standing there with a bouquet of flowers in his hand.

A bittersweet of emotions rushed through my body as I stared at him, somehow wondering if this were some kind of dream.

“What are you doing here?”

Chapter 15

Katrina

Alan said nothing for a second, he just stared at me while my heart continued to lurch in my chest. I wanted so badly to be angry, but seeing him again, after thinking I never would, made my heart soar in a way I hadn't expected. "Merry Christmas, Kat," he said. When I said nothing, he swallowed visibly and lowered his gaze for a second before looking back up at me. "Can we talk?"

I crossed my arms in an effort to strengthen my composure. "What's there to talk about; you made your choice weeks ago," I said.

"Please, if you just give me a minute, I'll explain everything to you," he said. His eyes were soft. They didn't seem as cold as they mostly did, which made me wonder if it was momentary or permanent.

"Kat, who is it?–" Gran cut her words short when she came up behind me and saw Alan standing there. Her eyes widened, her blue gaze roaming his frame as if trying to figure out if it were really him.

"Alan, you're back," she said before she frowned. "You have a lot of explaining and making up to do, young man," she scolded.

Alan nodded instantly. "Yes, ma'am, I promise to make things right," he said, and my pulse raced.

Gran cleared her throat and glanced at me. She couldn't be mad at anyone even if she wanted it. It just wasn't who she was. "I er, I just remembered I have to head over to May for a bit. She promised me some sweet potato pie."

I frowned. "Gran…"

"I'll be back before you know it, sweetheart. You and Alan can talk then," she said patting me on the shoulder.

She went in to get her coat and the car keys, smiling at us both as she headed out. She paused beside Alan.

"I'm glad you came back," she said before walking towards the car.

Alan and I were left alone staring at each other. "Are you gonna invite me inside, Kat? It's freezing out here," he said.

I bit my cheeks in contemplation before I stepped to the side and allowed him to enter. He breathed a sighed and kicked off his

boots while I closed the door behind us.

"Thank you," he said.

"You still haven't told me why you're here," I reminded.

"I came to apologize and to give you these," he said, handing me the flowers and a small box. I took them from him and placed them on the end table.

"You left without a word, and now you come bearing roses and gifts like I'm just supposed to automatically forgive you," I snapped.

"I don't expect you to forgive me – at least not right away. But I am sorry, Kat. I shouldn't have left without telling you. I know I hurt you, but believe me, I didn't want to."

"I don't know what to think when it comes to you, Alan. This minute you're hot and the next you're cold. I told you I loved you, and the first thing you thought to do was leave me high and dry," I said, my voice almost breaking.

"I got scared," he confessed. "Hearing you say those words in that moment made me the happiest man alive, but I spent the rest of that night thinking about what it meant. I needed to clear my head, think about the man I could potentially be for you, but I still had so much that I wanted to unpack, and no one else could do that but me, Katrina."

He pulled in a breath and took a step towards me. "Leaving without saying goodbye was cowardly, but if I told you I was leaving, I might not have left. I still had demons I needed to bury, and I had to. I couldn't be the man for you if I still held onto my past, if I thought I was unworthy of you. I had to go back to the drawing board and do a self-assessment before I ever considered coming back to you."

My throat constricted. "And now?"

"I'm not perfect, but I'm better than who I was a month ago. I want to give us a shot if you'll still have me."

My eyes stung with tears. "I don't want to be hurt again. I don't want you saying all these things only to leave when things get tough. Please."

He cupped my cheeks into his hands. "Finding you here was the best thing that happened to me, and I'm sorry it took so long for me to realize, but what happened to me in the past was just a hurdle I had to cross to find the true love of my life."

My breath hitched when I heard the words, my eyes watered. "What?"

“I love you, Katrina Goodwill. I love you.”

My lips quivered, and my heart swelled with inexplicable joy. I cried as the words kept replaying in my head. I never thought I’d hear them from Alan after he left, but here he was. He kissed me, and my eyes closed as soon as I felt his soft lips on mine. The salty taste of my tears mingled with the sweet taste of his mouth as I familiarized myself with his touch. I’d already started to melt, my heat and wetness rushing between my legs.

I whimpered as I clung to him, kissing him like I didn’t want to let go. I wish I could stay mad at Alan, but this was what I’d dreamt of every night, so what was the point in being angry.

“I missed you so much,” he said as he broke the kiss and peeled off his coat. I kissed him again and reached for the buckle of his denim pants, desperate to feel him inside me. I’d lived with this ache for weeks, finding it hard to satiate even with my own fingers. Alan was the only person who could help that ache and here he was.

I pulled on his arm and led him upstairs to my room. As soon as we were inside, I began to strip for him while he hurried to do the same. There was this sense of urgency that made me even more needy and aroused. I craved his touch.

Once we were both naked, I lurched towards him and kissed him again. His erection throbbed against my stomach, and my gut fluttered in anticipation.

I went to lay on my back and parted my legs so Alan could remind himself of what he missed. His eyes darkened at the sight of my wet folds. He tugged his cock into his hands, a bit of precum peeping from the tip.

My flesh ached to have him. It felt like so long.

“I missed your thick thighs so much, your full breasts, your juicy pussy lips wrapping around my cock, Kat.”

He leaned over me and kissed me again while he caressed my breast with one hand. I moaned softly, closing my eyes when his tip grazed my wet entrance. He was hard, nudging against my flesh as he tried to find my center.

When his hard erection slipped inside me, I released a lengthy sigh, my walls clinging to him in welcome. Alan thrusted deep, crashing his lips to mine and kissing me hungrily as he began to plunge back and forth inside me.

My hands trailed down his back, moving towards his ass where I pressed him deeper inside me. I wanted to feel all of him, and gosh,

was it good. I moaned against his mouth, tugging his tongue against mine while he filled me with hard, sharp thrusts.

"You're so warm and tight, Kat," he said as he kissed from my mouth to my breasts. He caught a nipple in his mouth and sucked on it. Each time he pulled the aroused bead in his mouth, my core convulsed around him.

I wasn't far from coming and begged him to fuck me harder. I was becoming more breathless with each thrust. I eased up a little to see his engorged cock drilling between my legs. He was wet and thick and each time he plunged deep, I went closer to the edge.

He grunted as he slammed into me. I screamed, my head falling back on the bed while my walls began to clench around him. I reached down to touch my clit, and a jolt passed through my body. I bit my lips and began to rub my clit while my pussy tightened around Alan's entire length.

He pulled all the way back before he slammed into me and that was how it went for a minute straight until he slammed into something within me that sent me over the edge. I squealed in delight, my legs threatening to close up while my walls started to clench around him. With one final thrust, Alan grunted, pulling back and leaving the tip in. My body quivered when his first spurt of cum hit my insides. It was warm and fulfilling, and he continued to pump his seed inside me until it started to dribble down my ass.

Alan groaned throatily, sucking a breath through his teeth before he slipped from inside me.

He came to settle beside me while my heart raced, and while I tried to recover from my orgasm. I felt blissfully adrift, held in a world that felt softer, gentler. It was a moment where everything just felt right, like I was cocooned in peace that went beyond words.

Alan turned to me, his hands trailing over my body. I shivered from his touch, but when his hand settled on my stomach, it dawned on me that I hadn't told him I was pregnant.

My body filled with panic as I stared at the blank ceiling, wondering how I'd break the news to him. Alan had said he loved me, and he didn't plan on going anywhere, but I still didn't know if he wanted a baby – if he'd recovered enough from his past to welcome one.

But he was here, right? And he had a right to know like Gran said…

"Alan, there's something I've gotta tell you," I said.

“Mhm,” he said. “What is it, my love?”

My stomach fluttered as I eased up from the bed. He must have seen the stricken look on my face because he got up, too, staring at me.

“Katrina, is everything okay?”

I slowly moved to get my robe and covered myself. Alan frowned.

I stood there, my knees slightly weak as I stared at him.

“I er… I’m… I’m pregnant,” I said.

His brows raised, and his eyes widened. “Wha– you’re pregnant?” He asked me, and I nodded.

“Yes.”

He stared at me, his gaze searching my frame. I could see all the emotions that passed across his face. He was shocked; I got that.

“You’re pregnant?” He blurted, choking up a laugh that lifted my spirits.

I nodded as tears pricked my eyes. “Yes.”

He moved towards me, holding my hands in his. He met my gaze, the tears pooling in his eyes. “Do you have any idea how much this means to me, Kat?”

I sniffed. “You’re happy?”

He snorted a laugh. “Of course, I’m happy. You’ve given me what I gave up on for a while now. I couldn’t be happier, Kat!”

“I was so scared it might not be what you wanted,” I confessed.

He shook his head, and the smile slightly faltered from his face. “You were going to tell me, weren’t you?”

I nodded. “Yes, I was just trying to wrap my head around all of it first.”

“Is it a boy or a girl?” he asked and I laughed.

“It’s too early to tell.”

“Right…right..” he chuckled.

“Gran thinks it’s a girl,” I said.

He beamed at me. “And what do you think?”

He shrugged. “I’m fine with either one. I just want a healthy, happy baby.”

“Me too.”

He pulled me into his arms, and I crashed against his chest, crying. I sobbed, but this time it was happy tears. I couldn’t have asked for a better Christmas – a better man.

“I promise to be the man you deserve and a great father to our unborn child,” he said before withdrawing a little to meet my gaze. “I love you, Kat.”

I choked up a laugh. “I love you, too, Alan.”

Epilogue

Katrina

2 Years later

"If we don't leave now, we're going to be late for our flight!" I called as I packed our bags into the back of our car.

Grandma came bustling through the door with a smile on her face and her bags in hand.

"I was just ending a call with May about the upkeep of the stables while we're gone. She says she'll send her grandson over to feed the horses, and she'll come by herself to feed the cats."

She placed the things in the trunk as she spoke and then glanced at me.

"Sounds good. You don't have to worry, Gran. We'll only be gone for a week."

She smiled. "I'm not worried at all. I'm excited about this trip. It'll be my first time going to Florida, and God knows it'll be a lot warmer than here," she said as she suddenly hugged her shoulders.

I smiled. "I'm glad."

Gran cupped my face, using her thumb to caress my cheeks. "I love you so much, Katrina. I don't know what would happen if I didn't have you in my life."

I smiled. "I love you, too, Gran."

Just then, Alan came through the front door with baby Mila in hand. She was clothed in winter gear, her face the only part of her body showing. I smiled when I saw them. Alan's hair was in a ponytail, and he looked so handsome with the beard he'd decided to grow out. He had Mila in one hand, a duffel slung over his shoulder and a small suitcase dragging in his hand.

He was even more muscular than when we first met. A dad-bod was nowhere in sight. A flutter appeared in my stomach each time I saw Alan. At this point, I was used to it.

I went to help him get the things into the trunk before I took Mila and gave her a kiss on her cheeks. She was the perfect copy of

Alan – striking blue eyes and blonde hair. Alan always like to joke that she looked like me, but I knew better.

"Ready?" He asked, glancing at me and Gran.

"Yeah, we don't wanna miss our flights," I said.

We boarded into the CRV. Mila was strapped in the back with Gran, and I was in the front with Alan. The roads were icy, and it was cold; we were all excited for the weather change.

Alan reached out to turn on the radio. In doing so, I noticed his wedding band and smiled. I still remembered our wedding like it was yesterday. I was huge, not far from giving birth, and we were both eager to tie the knot before Mila came.

It was a small and intimate ceremony with just Jane and her family, Gran, her friend May, and me and Alan. I remembered being so happy, so eager to make it official. Nothing had changed since then – if anything, our love had only grown stronger. We were committed to each other, and that would never change.

Christmas carols played, and Gran hummed in the back while Mila drifted off to sleep. I smiled to myself, enjoying the snowy scenery in Maple Harbor before we welcomed someplace new.

**

Jane had said she'd pick us up from the airport in her minivan. Alan had said it would be okay for us to take an Uber to spare her the trouble, but she'd insisted.

We'd just stepped into the airport lobby when I caught onto arms waving in the small crowd. A smile immediately bloomed on my face when I spotted Jane waving us over, a bright smile on her face.

"Babe," I said to Alan, bringing his attention to them.

Both her girls were with her, waving, too. Penelope was jumping on her feet, eager to make a connection.

We walked towards them, and Jane rushed towards us. We hugged, and my heart warmed.

"Ugh, I'm so glad you're here and that you made it here safely!"

"Mila!" The kids shouted, desperate to cling onto Mila who was wide awake and laughing at the attention from the girls.

"It's so great to see you again, Jane," I said.

"You have no idea how excited I am. I've been planning this

holiday for months now!" She exclaimed.

I laughed. "Makes two of us."

Alan and Gran exchanged hugs with everyone, and soon, we were headed out.

Jane and Gran led the way with the kids beside them. Alan and I stayed behind. I turned to find him staring at me. I blushed, grabbed onto his hand and placed a kiss there. He pulled me to him, kissing me on the top of my head before he muttered.

"Moments like this make me love you a bit more each time."

I smiled. "I love you, too, Babe."

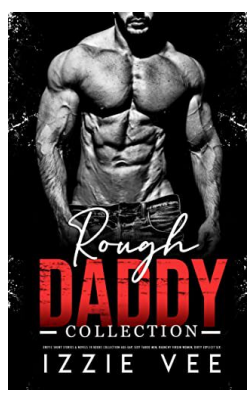
Everything felt perfect. The love I'd wanted for so long was happening, and I couldn't be more thrilled. It could only get better from here.

KNOW ABOUT MY 10 BOOKS for 1 MEGA DEAL?

Only $2.99 or Free for KU & Prime Members for my 10 Books Collection

Each book is sold for $2.99 individually. A no-brainer deal. Grab yours.

10 BOOKS COLLECTION



CLICK HERE TO DOWNLOAD

AN EXTRA STEAMY 10 BOOKS BOX SET

Get the first 10 stories in this series in one quick download.
These stories are insta-love, fast paced standalones that can be read in any order. All are extremely steamy and have a HEA ending.
Some of the themes are age-gap/older man younger woman romance, enemies to lovers, bully romance, grumpy boss, huge mountain man and more ...

List of stories inside:

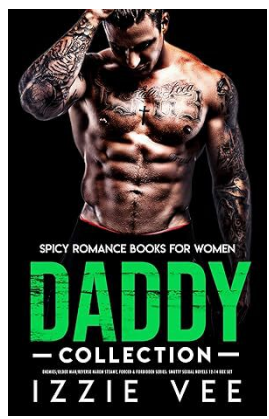
1. Daddy's Taboo Family-Friend.
2. Possessive Alpha-Daddy
3. Daddy's Bully-Heir
4. Off-Limits Coach Daddy
5. Daddy's Little Birthday Girl
6. My Roommate's Sexy Daddy
7. Huge Mountain Daddy
8. Grumpy Christmas Mountain Man
9. MC Daddy Possessive Biker
10. Big Brother's Quarterback Friend.?

Grab your copy HERE

DID YOU KNOW YOU CAN GET BOOKS 12-14 IN THIS SERIES FOR ONLY 0.99 CENTS? YES!

Or **FREE** *for KU & Prime Members*

BOOKS 12-14 DEAL



CLICK HERE TO DOWNLOAD

Ready to devour these yummy stories, then one-click now to steam up your Kindle all night long

This collection contains the following stories:

BOOK 1: Pregnant for Daddy's Enemy
BOOK 2: Best-Friend's Billionaire Daddy in Italy
BOOK 3: Daddy's Hot-Friends: Reverse-Harem
PLUS a Special Bonus story for you.

Grab your copy HERE

Like Surprise Pregnancy Romance stories? Great, you can get 3 Surprise Pregnancy stories for just **$0.99** or ***download it for free*** if you are a Kindle Unlimited or Prime Member? This amazing deal is

over 750 pages. Get this awesome deal below ^_^

LIKE REVERSE HAREM ROMANCE? THEN CHECK OUT OUR HOT REVERSE HAREM BOX SET MEGA DEAL?

Only $2.99 or Free for KU & Prime Members. Over 1,000 pages!

REVERSE HAREM BOX SET

CLICK HERE TO DOWNLOAD

MORE THAN ONE PLEASE! WHY CHOOSE?
Get ready to devour these three yummy full-length novels about triple alphas sharing, all in one scorching box set! ❤

These alpha men are dominant and outnumber their women always.

And each innocent woman melts into a dripping puddle by these harem of sexy alpha men.

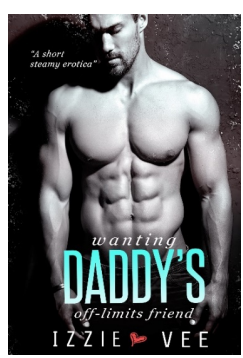
One-click now to steam up your Kindle all night long!

Get your copy HERE

Let's connect.

Get this book for **FREE** when you sign up for our newsletter.

WICKEDLY STEAMY & FILTHY!



CLICK HERE TO GET FOR FREE

SAMPLE

I couldn't believe that I was about to head off to college and never had a sexual experience in my life. The person I considered my boyfriend in my senior years of high school was initially the person I thought I would take the big step with but later found that he only had one intention in mind, and that was to fuck the only girl in our year who was rumored to still be a virgin – me. It had hurt, and I had broken off the relationship with a few heated words thrown at him but later realized there wasn't much I wanted out of the relationship either rather than sex.

I didn't want to be a virgin anymore, so I picked the boy that had given me the most attention and decided that he was the one. Unfortunately, he wasn't and here I was, about to head off to college with my hymen intact.

If it were only based on desire alone, then my dream guy would be the one who came over to my house every now and then with all his charm and kindness. He was the first crush I ever had, but I knew there was nothing I could make of the relationship considering he was my father's best friend.

Connor was everything I wanted in a man; he was sweet, kind, caring, incredibly handsome, and packing for his age. He taught gym at the college that I was accepted into, which made my excitement all the more profound. Dad said that Connor would be there to look out for me as he had always done, and I … ***To continue reading get your FREE DOWNLOAD HERE.***